

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.

On Board the Ericsson.

At four A.M. of the 7th of July the Ericsson was descried, and the regimental drums beat to quarters. All was bustle in a moment, the troops mustered upon deck, and the regiment was shortly established in more comfortable quarters upon the larger steamer. Then Morpheus was courted indeed; in state-rooms, in berths, upon mattresses, on deck, in all sorts of attitudes and various humors the worn-out regiment composed itself to sleep. But its slumbers did not last beyond eight or nine in the morning; Old Point Comfort was passed and saluted with thirteen guns at ten o'clock, and a new pilot taken on board shortly after entering the Chesapeake, the former one having repeatedly grounded the Ericsson.

Before we follow the corps up the Chesapeake, we wish to express our own and our artist's acknowledgments of the kindness and attention experienced at the hands of the entire regiment, mentioning especially the names of Col. Duryea, Lieut. Col. Lefferts, Lieut. Kent of the Sixth Company, Surgeon William Woodward, Quarter-Masters Winchester and Laimbeer, Ordnance Officer Drox, Quarter-Master's Sergeant Rathbone, and, indeed, all the other officers and the whole of the gallant Sixth Company.

Aground in the Potomac.

The Ericsson was grounded more than once on her passage up the Potomac after leaving the Chesapeake, and just before daylight on the 8th, she grounded immovably on a shoal known as Kettle Bottoms. As soon as this was perceived, the small boats were lowered and loaded with a heavy anchor attached to a hawser.

They were rowed a short distance from the ship, and an attempt made to drop the anchor, when it went over with a splash, taking one of the boats down with it stern foremost, and tossing the men out as from an upset whaleboat. Fortunately no one was injured,



THE REV. SULLIVAN H. WESTON, BISHOP ELECT OF TEXAS

and the anchor taking a good hold, the men grasped the hawser, the line extending the whole length of the ship, and commenced hauling with a will. The efforts to move the ship were, however, futile, and it was necessary to despatch a Quarter-Master to Wash-

ington for a steamer to take up the regiment. The Ericsson lay all day with the Seventh on board upon Kettle Bottoms, and the men resorted to every imaginable expedient by way of killing time. As mentioned in our last, they organized a mock Court-Martial, of which we also presented an illustration at the time. At length, about half-past three P.M., the Thomas Collyer, a Mount Vernon boat, came alongside and took off part of the regiment, and the remainder were taken off about midnight and safely landed in Washington on Friday morning, twenty-four hours later than their appointed time.

Preparations had been made by the citizens and military of Washington to receive the regiment, and the following companies had turned out for the purpose: The Light Infantry, Lieut. Tucker; Highlanders, Capt. Watt; Union Guards, Lieut. Donnelly; Montgomery Guard, Lieut. Kelcher; President's Mounted Guard, Lieut. Teel; German Yagers, Lieut. Veitze, and a detachment of United States Marines, under Sergeant-Major Robinson. The regimental officers were Col. Hickey, Lieut. Col. Bacon, Major Peck, Adjutant Henry N. Ober.

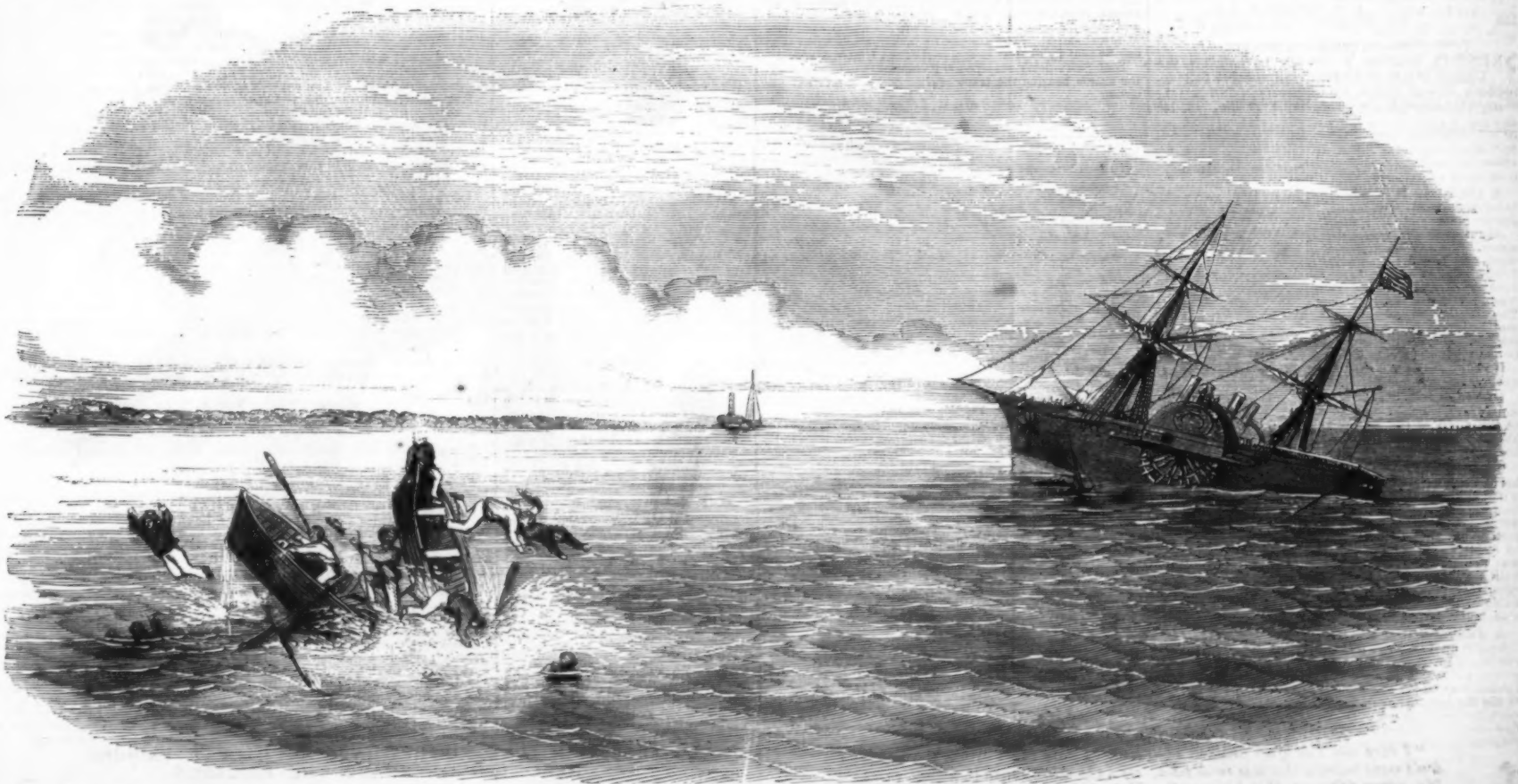
The first thing to be thought of, however, was some rest and refreshment for the visitors, and measures were accordingly taken to insure a breakfast for them.

At an early hour a notification was sent to President Buchanan, informing him that the regiment desired to be reviewed by him, and he immediately returned reply stating that he would be not only willing but happy to review the Seventh, and would consider himself honored by the visit. Orders were therefore issued by Col. Duryea to the effect that the regiment should parade in front of the City Hall at eleven A.M., and in the meantime the men dispersed about the city, visiting the Houses of Congress, the Government buildings, calling upon Gen. Cass, &c. The gray uniform was everywhere for a couple of hours.

A heavy shadow was, however, thrown over the regiment at this time by the announcement that the body of Laurens Hamilton had been found floating in the river at Richmond. Mr. Hamilton, a universal favorite with his corps, had been carried on board at Richmond in a state of serious illness, and it is supposed that he must have approached the sides of the boat immediately afterwards, and had fallen overboard unnoticed amid the confusion of leaving-taking. He was a grandson of the celebrated general whose name he bore.

The Rev. Sullivan H. Weston, Bishop Elect of Texas.

We present in this number the portrait of the Rev. Mr. Weston, who accompanied the Seventh Regiment on its late journey to Richmond and the South. Mr. Weston acted on this occasion as temporary chaplain to the corps, by whom, as by his parishioners, he was universally respected and beloved. Donning the uniform



ACCIDENT TO THE BOATS OF THE ERICSSON.

of regimental chaplain, he accompanied the Seventh in all its recent peregrinations, and we have already spoken in this and preceding numbers of his admirable sermon on the voyage to Richmond, and of his address while standing by the tomb of Washington. We regret that our space does not allow an extract from the eloquent and, what is better, sensible remarks which he uttered upon that hallowed spot.

Mr. Weston is a native of the State of Maine—*magna mater clericorum* she might almost be entitled—and was born at Bristol on the 7th of October, 1816. He graduated at the Wesleyan University, in 1843, and joining the Episcopal communion, was ordained a deacon in Trinity Church in 1847. He has officiated in that parish ever since, and is now, as assistant minister of Trinity, placed in charge of St. John's Chapel, the former incumbent of which parish was Bishop Wainwright. At the late Episcopal Convention he was elected Bishop of the Diocese of Texas, but has declined, as we understand, the episcopal nomination.

As one of those divines who succeed in combining the genial urbanity of a thorough gentleman with the mild deportment and Christian character of a minister of the Gospel, Mr. Weston's popularity is easily intelligible, and although his decision in regard to his episcopal nomination may be a gain to our own city, we cannot but believe that the Diocese of Texas will regret that it does not obtain his services.

BY-AND-BYE.

WHERE the heavy hearts are beating,
Comes the gently whispered greeting,
Hope's sweet voice is ever repeating,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Chase the teardrop, check the sigh,
Joy is coming by-and-by!

Rosy childhood's pulse is bounding,
To that magic whisper's sounding,
Telling of the joys abounding
By-and-by, by-and-by!

Haste the moments, let them fly—
Joy, we'll grasp them by-and-by.

To the student, pale and weary,
Through the night-hours, long and dreary,
Steals an echo soft, yet cheery,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Flinch not, pause not, guard on high
Shall reward thee by-and-by.

To him across the ocean foaming,
Far from home and loved ones roaming,
Floats an echo through the gloaming,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Thrills the warm heart, lights the eye,
With thoughts of meeting by-and-by.

The watcher by some loved one lying
Wan and helpless, to her sighing
Hears angelic tones replying,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Watch and pray—the languid eye
Health shall brighten by-and-by.

The mourner by the green grave weeping,
Where a cherished form is sleeping,
Hears a spirit softly speaking,
By-and-by! by-and-by!

Dear one, lift thy thoughts on high,
We shall meet thee by-and-by!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

A New Gleaner.—A very remarkable case happened in Brooklyn last week. A boy of nine years of age was playing in the streets when one of his playmates gave him a penny to buy candy with. The poor little fellow having made his purchase went into his mother's house to enjoy it in quiet. Hearing one of his companions coming up stairs, he crept into a large empty trunk and closed the lid. The other not being able to find him left the house. After some time the boy being missed, his parents inquired a search. Not being able to find him indoors they had the neighborhood searched. Some three days afterwards they were attracted by a strong effluvia from the chest, which, upon being opened, revealed the dead body of the poor boy in a state of putrefaction; unable to get out the unfortunate child had been suffocated. Our readers will no doubt recollect the story of the Italian bride, who, on her marriage day, in a fit of playfulness, got into a large oaken chest, which closed with a secret spring. Years afterwards it was opened and there laid a skeleton in bridal array. Rogers makes use of this legend in his *Italy*.

An Iconoclast.—A Rochester correspondent, who signs the above name, sends us a graphic account of almost a revolution in Rochester. It appears that Mayor Clark of that town is a very great man, and, walking along with his head in the clouds, he ran it against the shingle of a bookseller named Darrow. Darrow was the rage of the Mayor. Like a second Sampson, he carried off the sign with as much ease as though it had only been the gates of Gaza! Darrow seeing his sacred shingle in the hands of the Philistine Mayor rushed after him; a desperate struggle ensued, in which the Mayor triumphed and the sacred symbol of literature was taken from the disconsolate Darrow. Mayor Clark is an honor to the race of Mares. We only wish we had a "horse of that color" in New York. It is very clear that Darrow cannot come the Rarer over Mare Clark. At the same time we have tears of compassion for the shingleless Darrow. The Rochester *Democrat* is very facetious and furious on the Mayor, whom it likens to Bluebeard. Darrow has put up another shingle and written over it,

"If Clark our shingle dare displace,
Must meet Bombastes face to face!"

Doesticks has been despatched to write epitaphs on the killed and wounded.

A Mean Wretch.—Much evil has its rise in the cowardice of the press. We often see a dastardly deed stigmatized, but no name given, thus neutralizing the effect of exposure. If men were sure of being branded for offences and meanness which do not come within the law they would not commit them. As an instance, we clip the following from the *Daily Times* of July 17. Why does not the *Times* give the man's name?

A Dumbstruck Loss.—A poor woman found a memorandum book on Saturday last, for the recovery of which the man who owned it had offered a reward of £1. The finder walked between two and three miles to restore the property, and when she asked for the promised reward, was told by the owner to go about her business or she would be arrested. That man would make a capital director of a ferry or railroad company.

A Dashing Wretch.—The rascality of man and the folly of woman are becoming almost synonymous. A very genteel girl came, the other day, before Justice Steers and said:

About two months ago, a good-looking young man accosted her in Grand street. She paid no attention to him. He met her again a day or two afterward and bowed to her. He was very handsome and very polite, and she finally allowed him to speak to her. The sequel was speedily reached. A runaway marriage ensued. She has now ascertained that her young husband was married five years ago in Boston, and that his wife is living in California. The name of the young bigamist was given as James M. Kennedy. A daguerreotype of his represents him as a very dashing young fellow with a splendid head of hair, an unrivaled moustache and "killing tie." Justice Steers issued a warrant for his arrest.

If young ladies pick up husbands in the streets they must take the consequences of their indiscretion, and we are bound to add, immodest behaviour.

Pic-Nic.—The first Presbyterian Hoboken Sunday Schoolers made a pleasant excursion last week to David's Island in the Cataline. The day was one of the finest of the season, and every one, young and old, enjoyed the trip. They are under great obligations to the Rev. Mr. Babbin and Mr. Rose for their liberality and excellent management.

The Steuben Monument.—On Monday and Tuesday a festival was held by our German citizens at Conrad's Garden, Yorkville, to raise funds for a monument to that brave champion of our glorious Revolution, Baron Steuben. The friend of Washington and a hero of the Revolution, he has had no fitting memorial as yet raised to his memory. This neglect, however, will soon be remedied, since meetings have been held in Baltimore and Cincinnati to collect funds for the same patriotic purpose. At Conrad's Garden there was much hilarity and good feeling, moistened with lager beer and sustained with ham and sauerkraut, saying nothing of Germanic sausage. Among the entertainments was climbing up a greased pole for a pair of pants and other things. Despite the temptation of wearing the breeches thus so easily attainable, ladies were not eligible to compete.

A Just Tribute.—The *Windsor Herald*, C.W., has an article upon the infamous quality of our meat. We quote the following well-deserved tribute to our friend Dr. Dixon of the *Scalpel*: "That bold, vigorous and unflinching writer, Dr. Dixon, renders his quarterly more interesting on each issue. This opinion may be the effect of last impressions; but we believe that no number exceeds the last, although some of the preceding may be equal to it. We look upon the doctor as one of the greatest social reformers on this continent; and there is an originality both in his ideas and his manly style that induces all readers who commence an article of his to read it to the end."

David the Comedian.—We are glad to see that this eminent comedian is engaged at Niblo's to perform some of his favorite characters. In *Jon Baggs*, *Poor Billy*, and, indeed, in all low comedy parts, he is now the best actor on the boards. His burlesque is also uncommonly good, and the absence of all vulgarity and buffoonery in his personations render it a perfectly safe venture to take ladies to see him—a commendation not always deserved by our leading farceurs.

Ladies with Latch-Keys.—A Mr. Harby shot a Mr. Stone at his store in New Orleans on the 27th of March. On the 17th of June he was tried for the murder. After a long and admirably conducted case on both sides he was acquitted. The *Picayune* thus records the manner in which the verdict was received: "The crowd in the court-room, which was now densely packed, burst forth into one roar of approbation, and rushed toward the prisoner to congratulate him. In vain the deputy sheriffs called 'order,' and rushed in among the crowd; but it was not until Mr. Durant, standing upon a chair, asked, for the sake of Mr. Harby, to keep quiet, that a little order was established. After Mr. Harby was duly discharged, the crowd rushed out to see him. He was taken into the clerk's office, and after the crowd had rushed into St. Anne street he was led quietly out, and placed in a carriage and driven off. As he passed down St. Anne street the crowd greeted him with shouts. The old gentleman waved his hat. The daughter, who had been remaining in an outer office during the whole trial, was taken away in a carriage by some friends." The sagacious reader will of course perceive that the *shooter* was the father, and the *shot* was the son of his daughter. So far so good. The heart is right—but let us warn fathers of granting their daughters dangerous indulgences, since it ends in making the daughter a wanton, and himself a homicide. It appears this father—if he can deserve the name, so far as precaution is concerned, although in vengeance he regained the name—was in the habit of allowing his daughter a latch-key. This was certainly encouraging her *laches*. The fair wanton vestal, who is thus described by the Press—"A few minutes elapsed, and the bolt of the middle door shot back, and Miss Harby, closely veiled, entered, leaning upon the arm of Captain Fremux. She walked falteringly up to the witness chair and took a seat. At the solicitation of the Attorney General, her heavy brown veil was raised, leaving only the black lace, through which the features were plainly discernible. Her face is beautiful, and the piercing black eyes fairly sparkled as she encountered the gaze of the gaping multitude of men before her. Her voice has that silvery tone which is so calculated to please—neither too soft nor too harsh. She expressed herself, when not agitated, clearly and firmly, using the most chaste and elegant language"—in evidence says: "I always got in the house by means of a night key; I had been out with another gentleman with the night key, but was not in the habit of so doing; I had been out with Mr. Morrow and Mr. Simmons, and once with Mr. Colles, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Kitchen and Mr. Allinett; only used the night key with Mr. Morrow and Mr. Stone."

Mr. Colles testifies that he had been out with Miss Harby at Odd Fellows' Hall; on one occasion took her home, and she entered with a night key; could not say the bearing of Miss Harby was that of a lady on one occasion; when she was tying her boot she raised her dress somewhat, and asked him how he liked the shape of her leg; met her at a party at Mr. New man's and at several other places; Mr. Stone did not request him to take her to Odd Fellows' Hall; he invited her himself.

We advise ladies never to have dealings with such dirty things as Colles—without justifying Miss Harby's exhibition of her calf. We think the calf in the witness box made a more contemptible exhibition. For the sake of New Orleans ladies, for we know from all tradition New York ladies won't stand that sort of thing, we advise all southern ladies to avoid Kings—they are bad from the heel to the crown—but George the Third, woman-slayer and child-slayer as he was, never came up to his namesake. Out of his own mouth let his condemnation come!

Mr. George King sworn—Knew Miss Harby in 1855; was introduced to her at Mrs. Jones' in the winter of 1854; met Miss Harby several times; met her once in the street, and then walked around to the Washington Artillery arsenal, where she permitted him to caress her and kiss her, and take other liberties. [When asked if he could have taken other liberties with her he declined at first answering, but being compelled, he said that he thought he could; that while he was in an excited state of mind, and she also much excited, the keeper of the armory came in; he supposed he could have succeeded in accomplishing what was wished, but could not say if he would have gone so far.] Visited Mr. Harby's several times; does not think that she knew Mr. Stone then. [Upon being questioned by a jurymen, he stated that he supposed from her actions that she might have thought that he intended addressing her; took liberties with her on several occasions.]

Two fellows, of the names of Simmons and Morrow were examined, and testified to certain amabilities on the part of Miss Caroline Harby, but agreeing, as we do, with Shakespeare, that

"He who sips a woman's lips to tell,
Is worse than any fiend in hell,"

We leave them to the fate all perjurers receive. In justice to the lady of the latch-key, we quote this complete passage:

Miss Harby recalled by defence—Upon entering the room, she stood up near the witness stand, and raising her right hand aloft, she exclaimed, "Gentlemen, before Almighty God I do now swear that I never had intercourse with any of the gentlemen who have so sworn, and why they have come to swear away my honor and my father's life, I cannot tell. It is strange indeed!" Falling upon the chair she wept convulsively.

Upon recovering, she stated that she never had intercourse with Mr. Simmons, never had with Mr. Morrow; always had the most exalted opinion of the latter. She was then led out of court.

As Mr. Stone seems to have had a conscience and a heart of that material, the father very properly shot him. So much for the fatal results of ladies having latch-keys.

Kansas Dentistry.—Judge Porter gives the following account of the method in which teeth are taken out of the heads of Border Ruffians: "One end of a firm hemp string was fastened upon the aching member, while the other, securely tied around a bullet purposely notched, was put in the barrel of an old flint-lock musket, loaded with an extra charge of powder. When all was ready, the desperate operator caught hold of the gun and 'let drive.' Out flew the tooth, and away bounded the musket several feet. This mode of extracting teeth became the chosen and only mode practised in this region for many years."

Precept and Example.—An exchange has these verses:

Jones called on Smith the other day
To aid him in his sore distress;
He was a parson grave and gray,
Who did much Christian love profess;
But said that all his means were due
To aid the blacks in Timbuctoo;
Then added, as to Heaven he threw
His eyes, "The Lord will succor you!"
Jones thereupon his footsteps bent
To one they call an Infidel—
He, at a word, assistance lent
And gave him good advice as well,
Doing it on the good old plan
His fellow-sufferer was a man.
Tell me, ye readers, if ye can,
Which was the Good Samaritan?

We are no believers in the duty of persons helping everybody; they are signposts whose value would be destroyed if it followed its own direction!

Life in Death.—The Rochester *Democrat* relates the following remarkable resuscitation from drowning. As every day has its victim, we give it a place in our columns as a guide and an encouragement: "Charles McNeal, Esq., of Vermont, gives, through the *Northern Lancet*, an account of the resuscitation of his own son. He was missing on Sunday afternoon, and on inquiry it was ascertained that he was last seen on a boat at the wharf; his brother was sent to search for him, but returned without any tidings. Once more he returned to the boat; looking carefully in every direction he discovered him lying on the bottom of the lake, in eight feet of water, where he must have lain a half-hour if not longer. The body, when recovered, manifested no signs of life—no heat, the heart was still and the lungs quiescent. The father having read, a few days previous, an article by Dr. Buchanan on resuscitating the drowned, had the body placed on a bed, the neighbors were directed to rub it briskly with flannel cloths, an order which they obeyed with great reluctance, from the thought of performing this office on a corpse, a feeling which the father admitted he also entertained; warm flannel sheets were applied in rapid succession; these measures were continued thirty or forty minutes, when a feeble murmur in the throat was heard, followed soon after by a slight quiver in the lips. The boy slowly recovered."

CALIFORNIA.

The dates of the Moses Taylor are San Francisco, July 4. The stampede to the new gold regions increases greatly, and threatens to withdraw much of the Californian floating population. The only subject now interesting the public of the golden region is the rush of miners, and, indeed, of men of every description to Fraser River. We notice in the English papers a report that Sir Allan McNab will be appointed as Governor of New Caledonia. We should hardly think this probable, since he is a Tory fossil of the worst kind, and about the most improper man living or to be.

FRAZER RIVER GOLD DIGGINGS.

The news from this place is to the 16th July. A steamer had succeeded in ascending Fraser River to Fort Hope. Some 240 passengers took passage in her. At Will's Bar the miners averaged two ounces per diem. The Indians were becoming troublesome. The gold is as fine as flour. The miners have only gone yet as far as two feet.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—On the 16th Lord Ellenborough elaborately reviewed the Indian bill, which he said was the most gratuitous trucking to the House of Commons he ever remembered. The bill passed to a second reading.

On the 16th the India bill was debated, and made good progress in Committee. Lord Malmesbury said the subject of the forced loan by the Mexican Government was under the consideration of the law officers of the Crown.

It is expected Parliament would be prorogued on the 31st July, so as to allow the Queen to visit Cherbourg on the 5th August. She will be attended by about twenty steamers of war, to add to the grandeur of the spectacle.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—On the 16th July D'Israeli introduced a bill for the Purification of the Thames and the Drainage of London, the Government to guarantee a loan for about 15,000,000 of dollars to commence the works with.

On the 16th the Jew bill, as amended by the Lords, passed the second reading. Most of the business now before Parliament is of a purely local character, and consequently devoid of interest to the American public.

It is understood that the Government will not take any proceedings against Mr. Allsop for his complicity in the Simon Bernard plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon, and it has withdrawn their offer of a reward for his apprehension. By the way, it is stated that a person residing here, to whom Mr. Allsop confided his identity, offered to betray him to the British Consul for a consideration, but received no encouragement from that high-minded gentleman. For the sake of human nature and common trust in friendship, we hope there is no truth in this report. We may inquire, *en passant*, how it is that while England would not give up a criminal charged with complicity of murder to an ally, she yet demands a fugitive defaulter from this country?

We have foreign news to the 24th ult. by the arrival of the steamers *Vandebilt* and *Perla*.

Atlantic intelligence is highly important. Gwalior has been retaken by the British. The rebels are now deprived of their only great magazine and gun foundry.

The British and French have taken the fort at the mouth of the Pei-ho river, mounting 138 guns. Access to Peking is now open, and the forces were advancing up the river.

Six thousand French troops have been despatched to the Gulf of Pecheli. Much unpopularity has been incurred by Queen Victoria through her intended visit to Cherbourg. She goes on the 15th inst. to Berlin, on a visit to her daughter.

The *Moniteur* ridicules the English alarmists.

In Parliament, the Jeddah massacre, the state of the Thames, the India bill, and the government of New Caledonia, occupied attention.

Indemnity has been promptly offered by the Porte to the English and French sufferers through the outbreak at Jeddah. Thirty thousand dollars have been given respectively to the families of the British and French consuls.

Intelligence received from Africa announces the discovery of indigenous cotton in Ashantee, which is equal to the best Sea Island. Vigorous measures are already taken to promote its growth.

The wheat harvest in England is abundant. The *Vandebilt* reports favorable weather for the Atlantic Telegraph fleet. Mr. Morphy has been beaten in chess contests.

TURKEY.

Serves England Right.—Scarcely thirty years have passed since Christian England poured out her blood and treasure to aid those enmeshed, woman-strangling wretches the Turks. She is properly served—*ecce signum*. A letter from Belgrade of the 11th, in the *Out Deutsche Post*, says: "Eight men and a corporal of Turkish regulars endeavored this morning to pull down the English flag, but they were prevented by the Serbian police. As it is possible that the Turkish regulars may renew their attempt, the English Consul-General has applied to the Serbian Government for a military force capable of protecting him. Discipline is completely at an end in the fortress, and the soldiers are said to contemplate a revolt; but should it spread to the town, a strong resistance will be offered by the citizens."

It is stated that the Turkish authorities were devoting all their energies to the preparation of a fresh expedition against Grahevo, Montenegro, unless the peasants quickly submit. The Turkish force was expected to amount to 12,000 men. The peasants showed themselves less disposed than ever to acknowledge the Turkish authority. The sooner the Turks are sent back to Asia the better. They are a nuisance and an anomaly in Europe.

MOROCCO.

The blessings of tyranny were never more concisely painted than in this sketch:

"The sultan has a vizier, Sidi Mahomed el Katib. This man, once a grocer, and now honored with the title of Excellency, desires nothing more earnestly than to be rid of his office, for he is placed between the constant complaints of the consuls-general, who are never satisfied, and the instructions of his master, which are simply these: To promise everything, but do nothing; to gain time, to raise constant obstacles to their wishes; in short, to tire them out, and, above all, never to mention a word about them to the sultan. This financial system recommends itself by its wonderful simplicity; there are no costly government offices, no clerks and no book-keeping—nothing but a good stick and a few yards of rope. The sultan says to one of his pashas, 'I want 100,000 piastres.' The pasha calls his kaid, or governors of towns, and says to them, 'Sinda (our lord) wants money; whichever of you does not bring me 100,000 piastres shall die in prison.' The kaid, each convicts the richest merchants and nobles of their town, and says, 'Sinda wants money; let each of you bring me 1,000 piastres; he that fails to do so shall die under the bastinado.' By this means the royal exchequer receives the sum required, being but a small portion of the sum extorted."

"The pashas, of course, get immensely rich; but their turn never fails to come. As soon as one of them is believed by the sultan to have rather too much property, a detachment of the black guards is sent to surround the palace of the unlucky official; he is seized without ceremony, thrown across the back of a mule, tied down like a bundle of straw, and thus taken to the capital, exposed all along to the most brutal treatment. He is then thrown into prison, and bastinadoed daily until he reveals where he keeps his treasure. Four years ago the kaid of Darel-el-Beld underwent for a whole month the daily torture of being hoisted up between two erect poles, and let fall again upon a heap of branches of the Barbary fig tree, which are armed with long thorns penetrating deep into the flesh. Still, all that was got out of him amounted to a few thousand piastres, and he expired under the barbarous torture prescribed without telling the place where he had buried his immense treasure. But the sultan seldom proceeds to such extremities. When he has extorted a sufficient sum, he restores his victim to all his former honors, and waits till he is ripe for fresh operations. If his Majesty has resolved upon riding himself of one of his dignitaries, he sends for him, receives him with extraordinary favor, and offers him a cup of coffee. A few hours after the audience, the favored one expires in violent convulsions, and the bystanders say, 'It was written.'"

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

The Atlantic Telegraph.—The details of the mishap have been published, and the failure rests between both vessels. The last, however, we are glad to know did happen on board the *Agamemnon*, although two breaks previously occurred on board the *Niagara*. It had been agreed that both ships should return to mid ocean in the event of the breakage taking place at a hundred miles, and as only one hundred and eighteen had been paid out by the *Agamemnon*, the captain decided on going back to the rendezvous, where she waited eight days. The captain of the *Niagara*, however, construed the order literally, and returned to Cork. They have now once more sailed for mid ocean, to make one more attempt, as they have two thousand five hundred miles of electric cable yet remaining. From the fact that the cable broke with a strain of two thousand and two hundred pounds upon it, when it was guaranteed by its makers to bear six thousand nine hundred, we have little hopes of a successful termination to this grand enterprise. They were to sail from Cork on the 17th July, the day the Europa left Liverpool.

Dreadful Explosion.—One of the most terrible accidents that has occurred for years took place on the 12th July, at the junction of the Westminster and Waterloo roads, London, when a firework manufactory blew up, and filled the air with every description of blazing pyrotechnics. Some of them fell upon another firework magazine, and the result was that above one hundred persons were more or less injured and one killed on the spot, besides others being in so critical a condition that their recovery is almost hopeless. The fire engines were on the spot in a very short time, but the shower of rockets was like a battery's fire, so that it was dangerous to venture near. Numbers were knocked down at sixty yards distance, and such a scene had never been witnessed since the invention of pyrotechnics. The cause of the accident is not known.

The River Thames.—*Punch* is turning the effluvia of the Thames into a joke. Its last atrocities are that, in consequence of its horrible stench, it ought to be called the River *Ode*.

Another is, that the reason why they call it *Father* Thames is because they wish it *Further*. As Shakespeare doesn't say—

The Thames is Father to the stench.

It would thus seem that Father Thames is about as corrupt as our City Fathers.

Independence.—The Brussels *Independence* says: "Three Englishmen having crossed from England to Holland in a small boat, arrived at Arnheim on the 29th. Upon landing they hoisted the boat upon their shoulders, and carried it with them to their hotel. The following morning they carried it to the Rhine in the same manner, and proceeded on their tour through Germany, resolving to navigate all the rivers they met. Their strange method of travelling has occasioned much interest. *Le Nord* says these gentlemen are evidently a little madder than Englishmen are generally."

A Novel Case.—A Mr. Richards brought an action against an apothecary named Cocking, for giving him a wrong dose of medicine. The facts are these: Mr. Richards, after dinner, feeling a slight heartburn, went into Mr. Cocking's drug store, in Great Portland street, and asked for some fluid magnesia. The careless apothecary gave him some of Barnett's disinfecting fluid, which is an irritant poison. Most fortunately he spat it from his mouth, and only swallowed a very small quantity. Returning home he sent for a physician, who administered antacids; after a fortnight he recovered. As the apothecary behaved with great brutality at the time, Mr. Richards very properly commenced an action for damages. Despite a lying defence, the jury gave Richards £75 damages. If some of our druggists were made over the coals it would do the world a service. More persons are murdered by the druggists of New York than by the rowdies, and that is saying a good deal.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXLVL, by T. M. BROWN, Newark, N. J.—Q to Q 6; B the Q; Kt the B (ch); K to K 4; Kt to B 6 mate. Or, first move of Black—R the Q B; Q to K Kt 6 (ch); K the Kt; P mates. There are several other variations.



REMINISCENCES OF NEW ZEALAND—NO. II.

BY DR. JAMESON.

Salubrity of the Climate—Its Remarkable Adaptation to the White Race—Agricultural Capabilities—Vegetable Productions—The Kaori Pine—The Native Flax Plant—Volcanic Mountains—Mineral Resources, Gold, Copper, &c.—Natural History—The Apteryx, or Wingless Bird—The Dinornis—Whale Fishing Ashore—How Annexed—The Wakefield System—Results of Colonization—Auckland—Wellington.

In the first of these articles the moral and intellectual character of the New Zealanders was delineated, as was also the marvellous change brought about in them by the labors of the missionaries, a change involving their elevation from a condition of the lowest and most sanguinary barbarism to a comparatively high stage of civilization and Christianity. This change was much facilitated by the natural superiority of the people themselves. Their keen perceptive



NEW ZEALAND TEMPLE AND IDOLS.

and imaginative faculties enabled them readily to discern the difference between Christian civilization and the Pagan barbarism under which their forefathers had lived, fought and perished. Such results were impossible among the Asiatic races subject to the tenets of Mahomet and the followers of Vishnu—races far inferior in physical energy and strength of intellect. Still less among these "blinking creatures," as old Dampier called them, the aborigines of Australia.

We now come to consider the progress of New Zealand in its new character as a field of colonization, but in order that this may be understood, and a correct estimate formed of its future destinies, it will be necessary to investigate the natural productions, climate and general capabilities of the country—the raw material, in short, to be

[TIDE RIPPLE AND SINGULAR PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA, OFF NORTH CAPE, NEW ZEALAND]

wrought up. Exposed to the westerly breeze which blows over the South Pacific and often rises into heavy gales, these islands enjoy a cool and moist climate, eminently favorable to the health and energy of the white race, far more so than that of Australia, wherein, except in its interior and upland regions, the climate is oppressively hot and enervating. Not that the Australian climate is unhealthy on the whole; on the contrary, a British regiment stationed in the interior lost only one man in three years. But the remark is applicable to the seaboard cities of Australia, which are subject to periods of long drought and to hot winds of siroccolike intensity, blowing from time to time, parching up the whole vegetable kingdom, and gradually reducing the stamina and vigor of the European constitution. These intense summer heats are unknown in New Zealand, where I have seen the tobacco plant in full flower in the valley of the Thames in the month of July, which corresponds to the January of the northern hemisphere. It is said that snow has been known to fall in that locality. Such a phenomenon has even taken place in Sydney, the capital of Australia, but both frost and snow are abundant in the southern islands of New Zealand, which are probably for that reason uninhabited by the native population, and would be a perfect wilderness but for the colonies that have been planted at Plymouth Sound and at Nelson. The climate of the northern island is free from all extremes. As to salubrity, invalids from India and Australia, whose health has been impaired by long exposure to the climates of these regions, regain health and vigor in a few weeks under the influence of the bracing temperature of New Zealand.

For these reasons it will readily be supposed that it is in every respect adapted for agriculture—even to the extent of yielding two crops of wheat off the same ground, as in Australia. Its cultivated products include the whole list of cereal grains, besides the fruits and flowers that are common to the most temperate regions of Europe and America. Peach stones scattered at random have sprung up into groves, yielding the fruit in such abundance that it has been fed out to pigs. The English rose becomes scentless at Sydney, but emits its most delicate perfume in New Zealand, and the writer remembers to have visited a mission settlement in the interior, which was inclosed by a thick and lofty hedge of rose trees in full bloom, than which no sight could be more charming to the eye.

The indigenous productions of New Zealand are of considerable commercial importance, or may eventually become so. In the forests which cover the greater part of its surface, there are many valuable trees, yielding timber variously adapted for the markets of the world, some of extreme hardness and durability, others serviceable as a material for lumber and for ship and house-building purposes. The king of these forests is the Kaori pine. Straight as an arrow, this noble tree rises eighty and even a hundred feet without a branch. In a forest, not far from the Bay of Islands, the writer has measured individual trees, many of which were twenty-seven and some as much as thirty-six feet in circumference, and could have gathered tons of the resin which they exude, and which has been found a useful and cheap substitute for gum copal in the manufacture of varnish. Ship loads of these trees have been imported by the British Admiralty to serve as topmasts for the British Navy, but have, I believe, been found defective. Many saw-mills have, however, been built in the colony for manufacturing this and other trees into lumber.

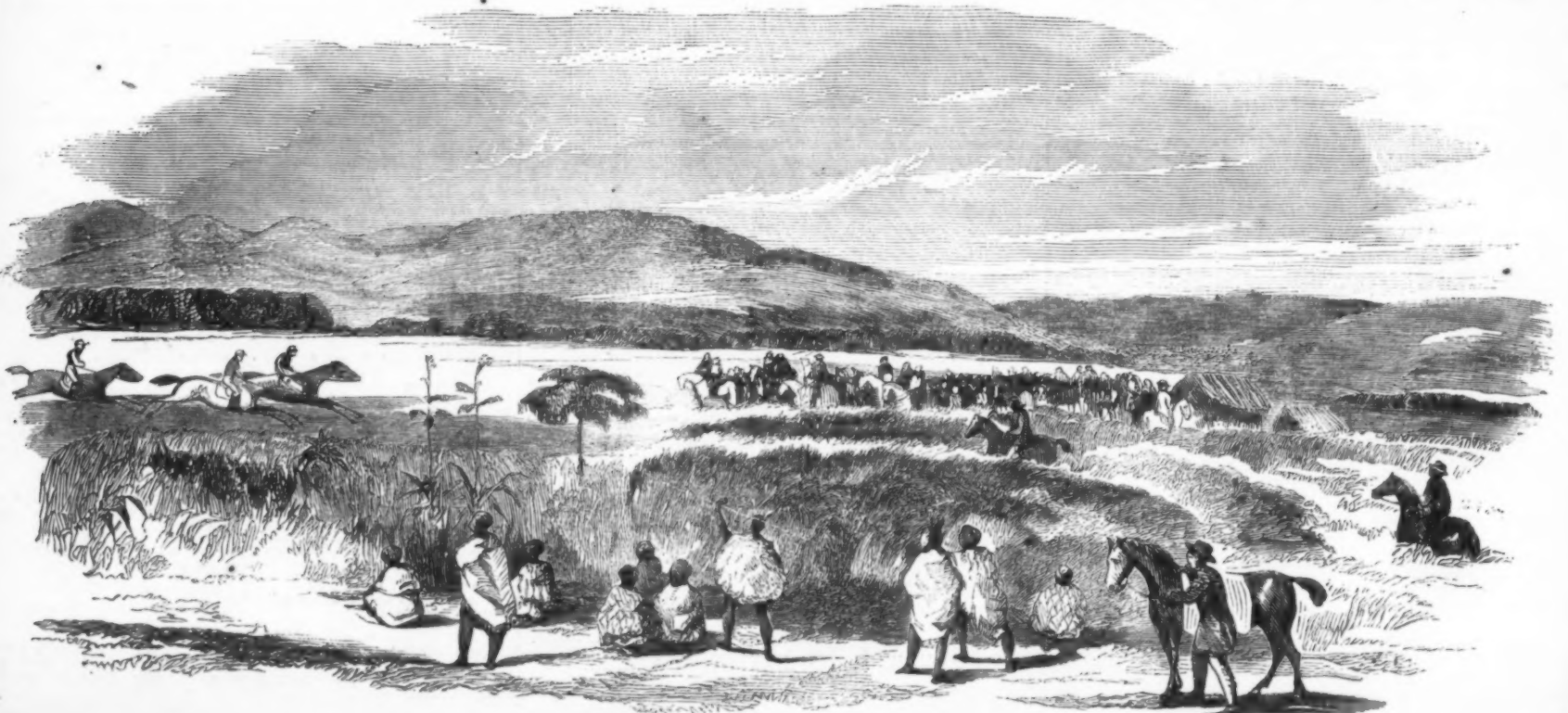
Next in commercial importance to the article of lumber we may rank the *phormium tenax*, or New Zealand flax-plant, which grows spontaneously over hundreds of acres of the alluvial flats of the principal New

Zealand rivers. This plant has from immemorial time yielded garments, sails, cordage and fishing-nets to the natives, and has been found superior in tenacity to Russian hemp. If a machine were invented to separate the fibre without the process of steeping as practised by the aborigines, many ship loads of the prepared article would be annually exported; but as yet no such invention has been made,



PORTRAIT OF A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

and the plant may for that reason be classed among the undeveloped resources of the country. Visiting a New Zealand village, the writer was struck with a very vile odor, strongly resembling that of the German delicacy called Limburg cheese, and learned that it proceeded from a quantity of *phormium tenax* undergoing the steeping process. The fern is a humble yet important vegetable



RACECOURSE ON THE PLAIN OR VALLEY OF THE WAIRARAPA, NEAR WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.



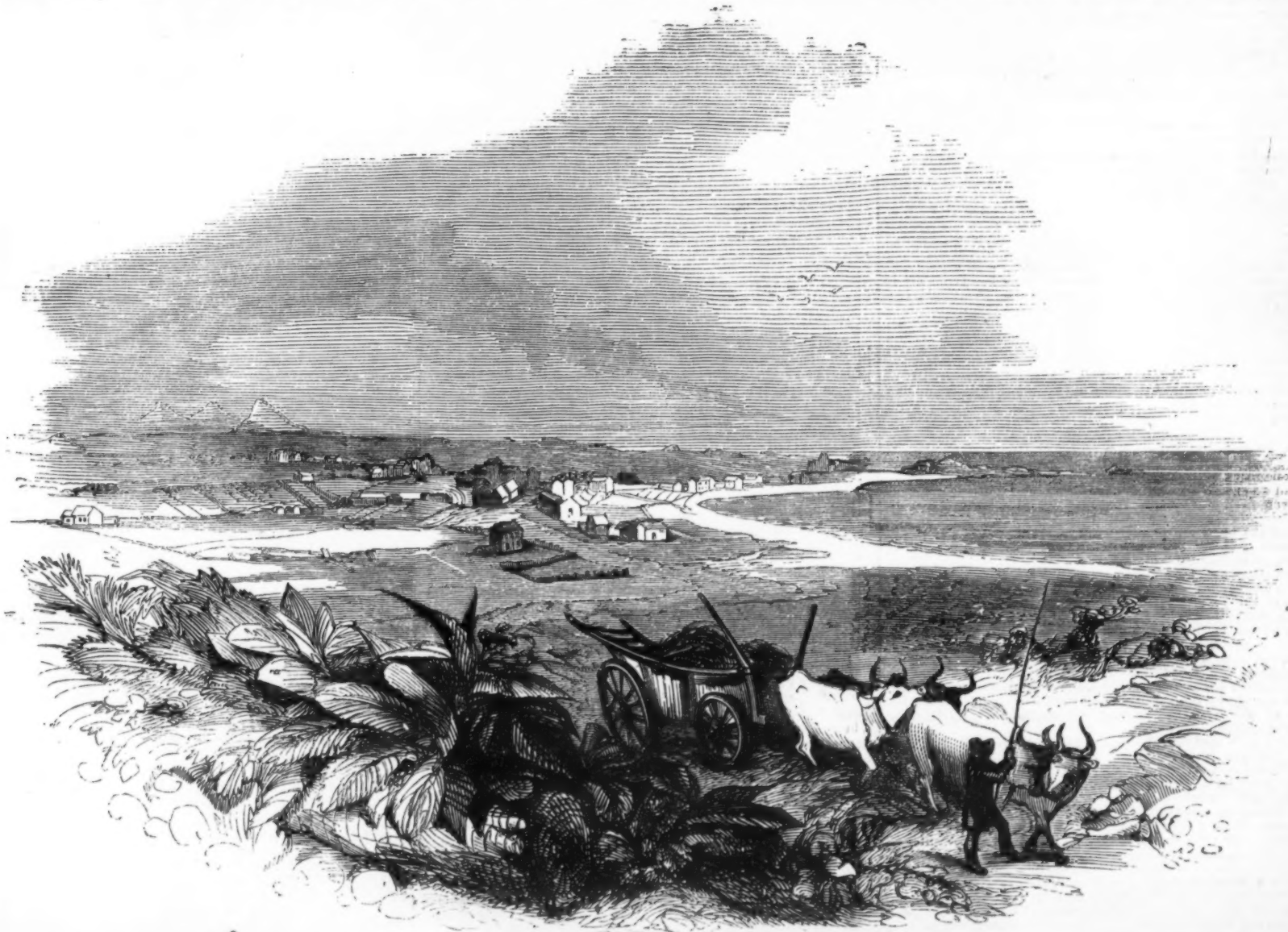
MOUTH OF THE RIVER THAMES, NEW ZEALAND.

product. It abounds everywhere in the islands, and its root affords food to innumerable herds of wild pigs, the posterity of the original porkers which Capt. Cook turned loose nearly a hundred years ago, rendering New Zealand not only a potato but a pork-exporting country long before the missionary advent.

The mineral character of New Zealand is highly interesting. It

is essentially a volcanic country, abounding in all the minerals common to countries of that description, including gold. Many years ago Sir R. Murchison, President of the Geological Society of England, predicted from the discovery of this metal in Australia, from an examination of mineralogical specimens brought home, and also from the axial direction from north to south of its mountain

ranges—the last condition common to all gold-bearing countries—existed in New Zealand; and, to confirm the learned baronet's theory, gold was searched for and found near Coromandel harbor, on the Frith of the Thames, a few years after the Australian excitement had begun. The superior attractions of the Victoria gold mines has hitherto absorbed the mining enterprise of the whole



VIEW OF THE TOWN OF WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND.

Southern hemisphere, and has divided with California the attention of gold-hunters all over the world; consequently, little attention has been given to this pursuit in New Zealand. The writer, in some geological researches at Coromandel, discovered copper ore of apparently good quality, and mentioned the fact in a work published by him on his return to England.

Sulphur, a product of all volcanic countries, is found in great abundance near the volcano of Wakari; and when, some years ago the supply of this article was in danger of being cut off by some foolish measures of the Neapolitan Government, it was found that the sulphur mines of New Zealand could supply the article and render commerce independent of his Majesty King Bomba, who thereupon receded from his policy of restriction. Lava exists throughout the islands, and has been used, as in Sicily, for building purposes.

Pomice, a light form of this substance, proceeding probably from the active volcano of Tongarido, floats down the river Thames, whose sources arise near the base of that mountain, in the vicinity of which there is a plain of lava with a vast number of boiling springs, in which native travellers are accustomed to cook their food, and also to undergo the vapor or steam cure much in vogue among the natives for rheumatic and cutaneous diseases.

Although there are but two active volcanic vents in New Zealand—those of Tongarido and Wakari—there are almost innumerable extinct ones. The writer has counted a dozen from one spot, easily recognized by their form and outline—that of a truncated cone or pyramid. He ascended a hill of this description near the Bay of Islands, forcing his way with difficulty among passes of scoria, and on reaching the summit looked down into a deep basin, the crater which had once upon a time vomited forth flame and lava, but is now thickly covered with trees and brushwood. He also explored a very singular district not far from Auckland, where twenty or thirty small volcanic eminences, not exceeding a hundred feet in height, rose within a circumscribed space, like gigantic molehills; round these were strewn blocks of black and indurated lava, which had been ejected from them to a distance of many hundred yards. In the bed of a small river he found the stump of a tree round which the molten lava had flowed in its semi-fluid state, but could not learn that any eruption had taken place within the memory of even "the oldest inhabitant."

Natural History.

We are not now studying the natural history of this interesting group of islands from a scientific point of view. This would require a volume instead of an article to do it justice. Our object is merely to notice those features, in their botanical and zoological character, which are of direct and immediate interest to the commercial and economical interests of the new nation which has there taken root, together with a few details of general and popular interest. Thus, instead of entering into a lengthened classification of birds and fishes, it must suffice to mention that the woods of New Zealand abound with pigeons of enormous size, the rivers and marshes with wild ducks, and the sea-beaches with plover, sand larks, seagulls and Mother Carey's chickens—scientifically termed *procellariide*, or storm birds—besides sea-gulls and other feathered freebooters, which prey upon the shoals of snappers, mullets and other piscine multitudes that frequent the shores and inlets.

The writer with his party were once detained by stress of weather on a small but beautiful island on the Frith of the Thames, during which temporary imprisonment they fared sumptuously upon the delicious oysters which encrusted every rock between high and low water mark—whilst snappers were hooked with the utmost facility, and wild ducks and pigeons were at all hours within reach of their guns—affording the materials of a diet worthy of a London Alderman.

There is a little feathered creature called by natives the tui-tui, by Europeans the parson-bird, not certainly from the solemnity of his manners, for a livelier, more restless and comical specimen of Nature's handiwork never hopped under the shadow of green leaves. Its life is an unceasing round of antics and gambols, all the more unseemly that the white ruff and band that adorns his neck and breast, with his glossy black coat, might lead us to expect a far more clerical demeanor. Then there was the bell-bird, so beautifully described by Captain Cook, its note filling the woods with a melody "like the tinkling of small bells most exquisitely tuned." The apteryx, or wingless bird, represented in the engraving, is regarded by naturalists with much interest as an ornithological type of a bygone geological epoch, and is now on the verge of extinction. Covered with something that resembles hair rather than feathers, it has a forlorn, ragged and unsightly aspect, and looks altogether like a denizen of a former world.

The dinornis—probably the largest bird that ever stepped on the surface of the globe—standing fourteen or fifteen feet in height—was an inhabitant of these islands. Its fossil remains have been discovered in supratertiary deposits in different parts of the country.

But the beast or the fish, for it merits both appellations, which in this connection claims the largest share of our attention is the whale. Of this species multitudes frequent the shores around New Zealand; and perhaps, with the exception of the Sandwich Islands, no locality is better known to those hardy mariners who plough the Pacific in their adventurous yet profitable pursuit. Shore whaling establishments have for many years been carried on at various points of the coast, the parties being composed of select hands, representing all nations, like the pirate crews of the Caribbean Sea. No sooner does a whale spout in the offing than half a dozen boats dart forth to the attack, armed with lines, harpoons, and all necessary weapons and implements. In nine cases out of ten the huge victim is captured, and dragged ashore, when he is cut up and boiled down—a rich and valuable prize. A rough but jovial life is led at these stations; native beauties are there in abundance, and are often the cause of dire conflicts. At night, when mighty fires blaze under the blubber kettles, the negro fiddler grins with delight, whilst the dancers perform their evolutions. Rum too is there, and tobacco, without stint or measure, and it is not too much to assert that many of the lessons instilled by the pious missionaries are there nullified, but there is no help for it. Many capitalists of Sydney have made fortunes in fitting out these enterprises, and like the general race of capitalists, have looked to the pecuniary, not to the moral results of their speculations.

Colonization and its Results.

From the preceding details, the reader will understand the advantages and the inducements offered by the New Zealand Islands, to the colonizing enterprise of England—a power which has never hesitated to extend her empire when this can be done with benefit to her commercial interests. New Zealand was annexed without filibustering or any other kind of invasion. The missionaries had pioneered the way; the whaling ships, the traders, and finally the landsharks of Sydney, had familiarized the natives with many of the ways of civilization. Moreover, several sons of great chiefs had been taken to England and educated. The intelligent natives desired a strong homogeneous government, instead of the hideous anarchy of the past; law, even Lynch law, was become more and more necessary to curb the evil passions and propensities of the white community. Exeter Hall had declared that it was necessary to bring a heathen nation within the pale of the Established Church, and the youth of England, the capital, and the surplus labor of England needed new fields of employment. Moreover, there prevailed about twenty years ago a furore for colonization, created mainly by the writings of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, the founder of what was called systematic colonization—the celebrated Wakefield system.

The gist of Wakefield's theory was this: A tract of land, however fertile, is in itself valueless. To give it value add capital and labor, for the purpose of developing its resources; the capital and the labor must be in due and sufficient proportion to each other. The land thus endowed and as it were vivified, becomes valuable, and its value discounted beforehand, affords the means of supplying the laborer. Thus a colony is made without any other expense to the parent State than that of a Governor, with the accessories of official patronage, red tape, and two or three regiments of soldiers, if the native population should be sufficiently numerous or warlike to require a little wholesome intimidation.

The Wakefield system had already been applied in Australia, and with good results. On the beautiful shores of Spencer's Gulf had sprung up within three or four years the neat, bustling city of Adelaide, the business centre and seaport of a thriving community of farmers, graziers and wool growers. It had its government and its red tape, but in that instance the soldiers were dispensed with, the poor wandering aborigines being altogether left out of the esti-

mates. It is true that an official of the red tape order was appointed to protect them—for the idea had heretofore prevailed in Australia that a "black fellow" was as much lawful game as a kangaroo!—not so desirable, certainly, as an article of diet, but quite as available in the way of sport.

The New Zealanders were a different race. Though divided into scattered and hostile tribes, their aggregate number was not far short of two hundred thousand, with strong physical developments and courageous and warlike instincts. It was the colonists that needed protection. Two regiments, therefore, were added to the other ingredients—land, labor and capital—and the precaution was not superfluous, as events subsequently showed.

It was necessary that, by and with the consent of the native chiefs, the sovereignty of the islands should be ceded to the Queen of England, in order that British authority should be firmly established. Filibustering is not in these days a British "institution," although it may have been so in the days of the great Clive and the bold and astute Hastings. There existed no decent pretext for an actual invasion of the islands—the quietest way, therefore, was the best. A ship of war carrying a royal commissioner visited the most important harbors of the coast, when the neighboring chiefs were convened through the instrumentality of the missionaries. A palaver was held, at which the chiefs expressed their sentiments—not standing still, as is the fashion with American and European orators, but, according to their custom, walking or running backwards and forwards whilst delivering their opinions. Little or no objection was offered by the native orators on this occasion, and the only arguments used by the Commissioner of the Queen were blankets, muskets, ammunition and tobacco. These were all-sufficient. By similar arguments the New Zealand Company had obtained possession of its lands; so, also, had many private individuals. One Sydney speculator had "purchased" a tract which might have cut up into a dozen German Principalities or a couple of English dukedoms; but these landsharking operations were very properly disallowed, on equitable grounds, by a court of claims. Thus it was that New Zealand was annexed to the Empire of England.

The seat of Government was established at Auckland, near the Frith of the Thames. There the Legislature assembles, regattas are held, races are run, and all the airs and graces of a young metropolis are displayed, whilst commerce and industry do their work in sustaining the more material interests of the community. Auckland has its Government House, its churches, hotels and club-rooms. A friendly intercourse is maintained with the natives, whose interests have been uniformly attended to by the Government, and not infringed by the colonists. The company's towns at Wellington, Nelson and New Plymouth have also prospered gradually. Agriculture and grazing have been energetically and successfully carried on. Two reverses have been experienced during the existence of the colony—the first was a short-lived rebellion of the natives near the Bay of Islands, which was speedily put down; the second and more serious one was the gold discovery of Australia, which drained off from New Zealand a large portion of the capital and the industry which would by this time have built up a lofty fabric of substantial prosperity. It is quite possible that, when the gold diggings of New Zealand are extensively explored, gold may be there discovered in large quantities; but, if not, there are other resources amply sufficient to employ the best energies of a great population.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GOLD AND GLITTER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written Expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

BY ORLANDO LANG.

CHAPTER XXIX.—THE PRISON AND PRISONER.

In a cell of the city prison—that sad, gloomy building so fitly denominated the Tomb—on the edge of a rude pallet, sat Ralph Forrester. He was not manacled—they had pared him that shame—and his chin was resting upon his hands, while a flickering lamp just served to illumine his features now and then with a glare of light—sufficient to show that, while the trials he had undergone had to a certain extent left their traces behind, still the eye was as firm as ever, the lip as fixed, and over his entire countenance there rested a calm, seemingly almost passionless repose that lent to his features a noble yet severe beauty.

Through his whole being a new spirit had infused itself; he seemed to have risen gradually with those sufferings which would have crushed others; he did not seek to palliate, either to himself or others, the crimes and sins that had darkened his previous life; but rather he stood and faced them, and seeing how hideous they appeared, he had said within himself, "If I die now a death of shame, it will be but a just retribution; if I live, then my path shall henceforth be upward."

Do not think that I am about to tell you that this wonderful change in Ralph Forrester was wrought by any deep or convincing religious influence, for such was not the case. Such minds as his—strong, passionate, worldly—do not seize upon conclusions, but wade to them; and if he was yet to enjoy the blessings of a perfect faith, it would only be after steadfast and long seeking.

Both heart and mind were awakened, it is true, to a full sense of the degradation from which he had turned away, and in the weary hours of the night he had dared to lift his thoughts to the great Supreme who rules the universe; but I fear his intercessions and supplications were of a far different character from those instilled into the minds of the piously educated. I am touching dangerous ground, though, and I pause and leave what follows to show the bent and form of the young man's feelings.

As I have said, he sat alone in his cell, his head resting upon his hand, and, half aloud, he thus soliloquized:

"There is no mortal present now; I am alone with the Great Judge and my own heart. Does He mark its pulsations? does He approve the fixedness with which I am ready to meet my doom? I have been told that I must humble myself low in the dust, grovel in the mire of humanity, if I seek for pardon at the Court of Heaven; but I cannot believe that, if God made me in his own image, why should I debate that image; if He taught me to walk erect, why should I fawn and crouch?" He arose and paced up and down his cell, then he paused, with folded arms, and looked forth through the grated window that admitted air and light.

It was partially open, and the wind, although cold and raw, was refreshing to his fevered brow.

As he gazed upward a sudden gust of wind parted the black clouds, and the moon lay in the red light and glorious, sending down into the gloomy cell a flood of radiant light.

"Is it an omen of joy to come?" he said, perceiving it. "Are the clouds that now envelope me yet to give place to such light, or shall I, in a few short weeks, fathom the awful mystery of death. A struggle, and so far as this life is concerned all is at an end; the body is dust, the spirit free and etherealized, or silent and dead as the clay it left. But no, that cannot be; this inward eagerness to burst the barriers that separate us from the infinite, this constant yearning of the soul for an existence more congenial to its spirituality, is surely proof sufficient that we are indeed children of immortality." The clouds, like great black curtains, swayed by unseen hands, closed down again over moon and stars, and the watcher returned to his miserable pallet.

A clock hard by tolled the hour of midnight, so drawing his cloak about him he laid himself down, and ere long was sleeping peacefully.

CHAPTER XXX.—MAY ENCOUNTERS HER FATHER.

EARLY next morning Edith was dressed, waiting for Gerald to conduct her to her brother's prison.

In an adjoining room May slept a fevered sleep, into which she had fallen after the night was nearly over.

Presently the door was opened, and Edith sprang eagerly forward, expecting to meet Marston.

She recoiled, though, even more heartily than she had advanced, for William Harley stood on the threshold.

"What do you here?" she asked as soon as she had recovered herself.

"Do not meet me with frowns, Edith," he answered, closing the door and motioning her to be seated; "I am here as your friend."

"You were far more welcome as a foe."

"Listen to me."

"I am forced to do so because I have not physical strength enough to spurn you from my presence."

How his blood boiled under these taunts, but by a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"I can save your brother's life," he said.

"And if you could you would not; I know you, William Harley; the entire world beside you may deceive; me you cannot. If my brother's life was in your hands you would keep him dangling between life and death so long as in that manner you could work upon my feelings; when you had done with me then you would murder him."

"I tell you his life is in my hands."

"It is false, blasphemer; his life is in the hands of God who gave it; of that God whose every law you have broken, every commandment spurned. Remember He Himself has said, 'Vengeance belongeth unto me.'"

"I did not come here to listen to a sermon," Harley said with a sneer, "but to see if you were prepared to buy your brother's life. You can influence him when all others fail; induce him to sign such a confession as will for ever free my daughter from him, and I swear to you he shall live."

"I place no more reliance upon your oath than upon your word; God help the one that relies upon either."

"Are you determined to make me your enemy?"

"No, you made yourself so when I was too young to know your infamy."

"For the last time, shall there be peace between us?"

"War—war—no peace!"

"So be it; give me my daughter and let me go."

"You have no daughter; you cast her forth homeless and homeless—my brother's wife is here under my protection; unless it be of her own free will she does not leave this house," and Edith moved towards the door that separated the room from the one in which May was sleeping.

"Fool, out of my path!" Harley cried, advancing upon her; "I tell you I will have my child."

"You must place your foot upon my body to reach her, then."

"Though I trampled both body and soul I would not be staid," and livid with rage he caught her rudely by the arm and dashed her away from the door.

At that instant it was slowly opened, and his daughter stood before him. She was deadly pale, and he paused and drew back a step or two, so solemn and deathlike was her look. Her hair had become unfastened and fell in masses over her shoulders, and her eyes gleamed with a wild, feverish excitement.

"My child," Mr. Harley said at length, "my darling, will you forgive my cruelty, my anger? Come back to me, come back to me, and I will make you forget all."

"My father," May answered with firm yet sad tones, "I have sworn before Heaven never to enter the door of my old home again, unless I enter it as the wife of Ralph Forrester."

"Curse him for a foul thief and villain," Mr. Harley broke in fiercely; "I would my heel was upon his neck. Enough of this fooling; come home, girl, come home," and he moved towards her as though to drag her with him.

"Stand back!" she cried, marking his purpose, "stand back, unless you would see your child lying a corpse at your feet."

"What do you mean?"

"Do you see this little phial? Its contents are colorless, and they tell me tasteless; yet let but one drop of it pass my lips and no earthly power could save me. Father, I am calm, collected, in my right mind, with a full consciousness of the fearful alternative before me, but I swear to you, rather than abandon my husband in the hour of his darkest need, this drug shall still my heart and pulse for ever."

She paused. Edith stood near, pale and agitated, and her father directly before her, struggling between rage and fear. For a moment rage obtained the mastery. "Dead or alive, cried he, fiercely, 'I will drag you from the roof of this mad beggar,' and he advanced a step nearer.

Without a muscle trembling, May raised the phial to her lips. "Come, then," she said, "I am ready."

Again he paused, and the strong man shook as with fierce convulsions. He could not see her die, oh, no! for still she was the only being on earth he loved. Still, he indulged in the wild hope of being able to snatch her from Ralph, and having her solely and singly to himself. How, at that instant, thought swept like a torrent through his brain; he remembered her in her infancy, when she was wont to clamber to his knee and caress him with her tiny, baby fingers, and how, in maturer years, she could wind her beautiful arms about his neck and tell him, in accents to him more beautiful than song of summer bird, that she loved him beyond all the world beside. What a fearful change had taken place! Now she had given herself to another, and preferred death's cold embrace to his! Truly for him retribution had taken deep and abiding root—the iron had entered his soul, never, never to be removed again.

"My own flesh and blood, my own flesh and blood curse and hate me," he muttered.

"No, my father, I will always love you; always, as far as in my power lies, obey you," May answered. "But there is one to me above all price—my husband. I can never enter a house whose doors are closed on him."

"Thank Heaven, the grave will close upon him soon!" Harley cried fiercely.

"Let it be so, if God wills it. I shall not loiter long; and then we will be united to part no more for all eternity."

"And as for you, child of a wanton," he continued, turning brutally upon Edith, "may my curses carry you down to hell and keep you there!"

He was turning to depart, but in doing so confronted Gerald Marston, who had just entered.

"I told you once," Marston said, in a suppressed voice, advancing upon Harley as he spoke with clenched fist, "that lady was under my protection. Unsay what you have said quickly."

"At your bidding, miserable boy?"

"At my bidding; or, boy as I am, you will repent it."

Harley looked at the slight figure before him with withering contempt.

"I do not mean that I intend to strike you," Marston continued. "I trust I am gentleman enough never to be excited to so wanton an outrage upon a lady's presence as that. This is the way in which I crush, this is the way I prove you a liar and a villain; by placing the proof of her mother's purity in the daughter's hand," and he produced the certificate which Ralph had forced from Harley, and gave it to Edith, who took it and read with suspended breath, then crying, "Thank God! thank God!" she threw herself in Gerald's arms, and wept there.

As for Harley, a palsy seemed to have fallen upon him, he made no answer for a moment or two, only with trembling hand wiped the cold dew from his forehead.

"Foiled on every side," he muttered, at length. Then, moving up towards Gerald, he said, in a voice that came hissing, serpentlike, through his clenched teeth, "Idiot! you had better have placed your head in a lion's jaw than crossed me thus. What are you, beggar, that you dare measure strength with me?"

"If I am a beggar, it is because you are a robber and a forger,"

Gerald retorted. "I laugh and scorn your threats. I know all, and it is for you to tremble at my frown."
 "Tremble at your frown, because you have been listening the lying tongue of a convicted murderer? Pshaw! I will waste no more time with you. I can wait—I can wait until you all crinch at my feet and sue for pardon." So saying, he rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XXII.—EDITH SEES HER BROTHER.

AFTER Mr. Harley had thus departed, poor May's fortitude all deserted her, and it was necessary for Edith to support her, as she moved slowly and feebly back to her apartment in order to prepare to accompany them to her husband's prison; for in spite of the evident exhaustion of her strength she still insisted upon going with them. So while she was changing her dress and otherwise making ready, Gerald told Edith the history of the marriage certificate he had placed in her possession, together with the stratagem by which Ralph had possessed himself of it.

"He feared to keep it longer about him," Gerald continued, "so gave it into my charge, lest it might by force be taken from him."
 "And to your charge, Gerald, I return it," Edith said, after again and again perusing the blessed document, as though to impress every syllable on her memory for ever, and she placed it in his hands. "See," she continued, "I give to your keeping more than my life. Oh, Gerald, now, perhaps, we may yet know happiness."

"Life can afford me but one moment dearer than this," the young man said, as he folded her to his bosom; "and that will be the one when I take this hand to give it up no more for ever. Now there can come no gulf between us; henceforth our paths are side by side, and I can tell you how I adore and worship you. Now my soul is imbued and filled with love unalterable, and you will not turn away, will not silence me."

He looked up at the pale, sweet countenance hanging over him; he felt her soft, delicious breath upon his cheek, her arms about his neck, her form nestling close to his, and his heart heaved and surged with such ecstasy as he had never known before.

Closer and closer he pressed her to him; faster and faster the burning words poured from his full heart to his eager lips, till they were hushed in a long, deep, passionate kiss—a kiss in which was concentrated for both the joy of an ordinary lifetime; for in that kiss two lives were made as one life, two hearts beat as one heart.

"How selfish love makes me!" Marston said, after a pause of some moments; "you are waiting with eager impatience to see your brother, and I keep you from him."

"May has not come yet," Edith answered, still letting him hold her hand in his, "and before we go I have one or two things to speak of."

"I listen, love."
 "First, I must ask a question."
 "Whatever it may be I will answer it."
 "That terrible word you applied to Harley!"
 "What word?"
 "Forger!"
 "He deserves it."
 "Ralph has confessed all to you?"
 "He has."

"You know that my brother aided in stripping you of your patrimony?"

"I know, dear Edith, that when very young, and when under the influence of drugged wine, he was induced by that demi-devil, William Harley, to sign my father's name to a false will drawn up by Harley, and that ever since Harley has made use of that one act to force him to obey his will."

"Not him alone, Gerald," Edith said, in a low voice, "but me also has he governed with it. Oh, had it not been for that fearful secret, I had never acted the miserable part I have! I should have spurned his tyranny long, long ago, and braved his direst vengeance; but when all else failed, he would whisper in my ear, 'Beware! another word of opposition, and your brother fills a felon's cell!' What could I do then but yield? what could I do—what could I do?"

"Fear no longer," Gerald said. "It was an idle threat; he could not have condemned Ralph without placing himself in jeopardy. The body of the will is in his own handwriting. If he did not in the eye of the law actually commit the crime, he was in every way an accessory; so never let him frighten you with that threat again."

By this time May had entered, so they could converse no more on the subject at present; but leaving the house, they entered the carriage that Marston had waiting, and were driven off towards the Tombs.

Arrived there, they found no difficulty in gaining admittance to the prisoner, and in a few seconds Edith was clasped to her brother's heart.

For some moments not a word was spoken; nothing was heard but suppressed sobs. Ralph was the first to recover himself, and he spoke in such affectionate, encouraging words to both his wife and sister, that very soon their tears were dried, and they conversed together almost cheerfully.

"They tell me that this trial will come on very soon," Ralph said, "and that the whole city pronounces me guilty in advance. Well, be it so; and let the result be what it may, I shall not flinch from it, for there are three who will believe my solemn vow that I am innocent of this man's blood, even though my life answer for his."

Edith and May were seated on either side of him, with their arms about him. How both of them loved him at that moment, and yet how utterly dissimilar were their love! Gerald stood near him, and taking his hand in his, replied,

"We will indeed, Ralph; and now let us to business, for, as you say, the trial is to be brought on at once, and not a moment is to be lost."

"You are right; what would you say?"
 "Shall I take May and Edith home first?"
 "Wherefore? I cannot bear to part with them."

"No not fear to speak before us," Edith said. "We will not tremble even; you shall not see a whiter shade on cheek or brow, whatever it may be necessary for you to speak. Am I right, May?"

"Indeed you are, Edith. I can listen to anything so long as my head is pillowed here."

"God bless you both!" Ralph murmured; and then once more addressing Gerald, he continued, "Let us speak now of the trial."

"We will do so."
 "Of course the prosecution can make a very strong case of circumstantial evidence—so strong, in truth, that only facts can contradict it; theory will be worse than useless."

"You take a most correct view of it, and I am very glad that you are able to do so; we shall get along much better."

"Do not think I am going to avoid the main issue; it is no time for hesitation. Now, as regards the witnesses: Against me there will be the man from whom I hired the horse; William Harley; and you, my sister—a wife cannot testify against a husband, so you are safe from that trial, May."

Contrary to her promise, Edith did tremble now and turn deadly white. She had never thought of that before. She on the witness-stand to bear testimony that might consign her brother to an ignominious death! It was too fearful a thought to be uttered, and yet there was no escape. Rapidly she ran over in her mind the events of that dreadful night as far as she was acquainted with them, and she could not hide from herself how strong what she would be obliged to tell would bear against Ralph.

"Oh, Ralph," she cried, "I had not thought of that! What will become of me? what will become of me? Let me die—let me die before that terrible hour comes!" and she flung herself upon her brother's breast, and gave way to a flood of tears.

"Do not give way thus, dearest," he said, caressing her tenderly and kissing away her tears; "where is your fortitude, you want all of it now. Remember how much is at stake, and for my sake keep calm and collected."

"I will," she replied, quickly drying her tears. "Forgive me; I control myself; see if my hand shakes now."

"It does not. Thank you, my sister."

"I had forgotten that deeds were wanted now, not tears," Edith continued; "go on with your conversation; I will not interrupt you again."

Ralph pressed her against his heart, and then went on talking with Gerald.

"Beside these principal witnesses," he said, "there will be many called as corroborative, and then the pistol belonging to Thornton found in my possession, and my knife lying beside the corpse, will be strong and almost conclusive, if we cannot offset it with something still more certain."

"True, true," Gerald echoed, sadly.

"Now, my only hope is in the discovery of the two ruffians known as Red Jake and the Knifer, who with Captain Meg were the only persons in the room on the night the appointment was made between Thornton and myself. Meg, I am certain, slept soundly during all the time we spoke; the others, I am convinced, only appeared to sleep. One of them had an injury to avenge on Thornton; the other was ripe for any deed of blood. They must have committed this murder."

"I am as certain of it as though I had seen it with my own eyes," May murmured.

"And so am I," Ralph continued, "else I had died a thousand deaths before accusing them."

"Another suspicious circumstance is that one of them has disappeared altogether, and the other can or will give no account of his whereabouts," Gerald said.

"He must be found."

"I have had the police on his track for weeks, but no trace of him can they discover."

"If I could but leave this place for a day I would guarantee to find him," Ralph said, rising from his seat and pacing up and down the cell. "I know their secrets and pass words; I could discover him."

As he spoke these words a sudden and bright light flashed over Edith's countenance; but she spoke never a word, only very soon thereafter complained of being faint and weary.

"This confined air is too much for you," Ralph said, kissing her; "and for you, too, my angel," he continued, turning to May; "leave me alone a little while now, but come very soon again."

"Here is my place—I cannot, will not leave you," May answered, clinging to him.

"Only for a short time. See, Edith is ill; you will take care of her for me."

"It is so hard to part."

"I know it, but it must be, so let us not make it worse by useless complaints."

She was so accustomed to yield to his slightest wish, even when it went against her own, that she slowly and sadly unloosed her arms from his neck and allowed herself to be led away.

She did not weep, she did not sob so long as she was in his presence, but so soon as she was in the carriage alone with Edith (for Gerald returned to Ralph), she gave way to a long and hysterical flood of tears, tears that seemed wrung from her very heart.

Edith, on the contrary, shed not a tear; her eyes were dry and sparkling; her lips twitched nervously, her small hands were opened and shut convulsively, and her entire manner evinced a state of extraordinary excitement.

They reached their abode, and found Hester waiting there for them.

Edith was very glad of it, for she at once consigned May to her care, and pleading illness as an excuse, hastened to her own chamber, and locking the door, gave herself up to long and eager thought.

It was plain to be seen that some absorbing idea had taken possession of her mind.

(To be continued.)

THE ADOPTED.

BEING by nature rather an orderly and systematic person, I wish, before I fairly launch into my story, to draw you a sketch of the principal persons therein, who are at this moment assembled in the sitting-room of a comfortable boarding-house on the Cornish coast.

First, there is Lady Lucy, the fair invalid, who is lying with her eyes half-closed upon the sofa. You see at a glance that she is beautiful: her golden hair, pale but exquisitely fair complexion, regular features, and large blue eyes fully entitle her to the claim; but alas! a fall from her nurse's arms had rendered her a cripple for life. Her brother Arthur is leaning over her, conversing in a low tone; while near him stands Mrs. Belrose, a distant relative, who, as she is a poor widow, has kindly consented to live with and take charge of Lady Lucy for the consideration of her daughter's sharing her charge's studies. Lord Arthur is young, talented and handsome, the heir to a large estate, and extremely proud of his wealth, personal appearance, and good old family. Mrs. Belrose is about sixty-five, well educated, proud, and very fond of Lady Lucy, with whom she has lived thirteen years.

One more person, and our group is complete. Seated in the shade of a deep window, her head bent over a book, is Mrs. Belrose's daughter, Cora. She has just completed her seventeenth year, is of medium height, fine figure, with jetty curls, large dark eyes, fine features and complexion, and what her old nurse called a "mixture of tempers," meaning thereby that Miss Cora was, when in the mood, the merriest laughing nymph possible; and, on other occasions, silent, reserved, and passionately fond of study. Brought up with Lady Lucy as a companion, treated like a sister, sharing all her luxuries and pleasures, she was reserved, but high-spirited and proud.

"Come, dear Mrs. Belrose, prepare me for a stroll on the beach," said Lady Lucy, as, having finished their conversation, her brother left the room.

With visible reluctance the old lady consented to accompany the party; and Lord Arthur coming in to assist his sister in walking to the little hand-carriage in which she took the air, the party started. Cora and Arthur lingered behind the others, deeply engaged in conversation.

"Cora, darling, you know I love you," said Lord Arthur. "Why are you so reserved? You have changed greatly since we left London, and you will not tell me why you are so cold. Have I deserved this, Cora?"

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then replied, "I will be frank with you, Arthur, and tell you why I seem changed. I spoke to my mother of our love. She seemed fearfully agitated, and paced the room, crying, 'Why was I so blind?' She seemed so young that I never dreamed of this. Cora, you must forget this. Remember—I tell you it is impossible that you can wed Lord Arthur. I entreated her to tell me why I could not be your wife. I told her you loved me and wished to marry me. She only repeated what she had said before, and finally exacted from me a promise that I would discourage your attentions and break our partial engagement."

"And you tell me this as calmly as if you were reciting one of your French verbs!" cried the young man, passionately.

At that instant Lady Lucy called to her brother, and he went to her side, leaving Cora alone. She stopped for a moment, and then stepped in behind one of the large rocks on the coast, out of sight of the party in advance. Her face was quivering as if in intense pain, and her whole frame convulsed. With a passionate but low cry of anguish she threw herself down upon the beach and sobbed violently, but without any tears. She was still lying there when her mother came to seek her.

"Cora," she said, sternly, "again do I find you giving vent to these

foolish passions. Rise! Suppose Lord Arthur had been sent in quest of you!"

"Mother! mother!" cried the poor girl, "have you not one kind word to comfort me? I am breaking my heart in obedience to your wishes, and you are so stern. You loved me once."

"And I love you now," said Mrs. Belrose, drawing her close to her bosom. "I love you now. It is because I love you that I say again, conquer this love—subdue it—tear it out of your heart. If you allow it to grow it will kill you; for when I tell Lord Arthur all I know—as I must do if you engage yourself to him—he will cast you from him. I know his pride. Calm yourself, Cora," she said, sternly.

"Oh, I can be very calm!" replied the young girl, in a low, bitter tone. "I have even been reproached for it within the last hour."

Drawing her book from her pocket, Cora sat down on a large stone. Lord Arthur pushed his sister's chair in front of Cora; and, arranging her sketch-book and pencils for her, leaned forward and pointed out the picturesque points in the scenery and groups. Cora's eyes meanwhile were bent upon her book, but not one word did she read. Her mother's strange assertion—"If Lord Arthur knew all I can tell him he will spurn you from him"—was ringing in her ears, and she was striving to understand it.

They were still grouped on the beach when a fisherman and woman with two children stationed themselves in front of Lady Lucy's chair. The woman stood erect, gazing on the party, while the man leaned forward, his right hand on her shoulder, and his left grasping a sail, and looked earnestly into her face. The little boy, seated on the sand, played with a crab; while the little girl, grasping the woman's skirts, looked shyly at the strangers. The man and woman were cousins, and the children called the man "Father."

"What is it, Maggie?" said Duncan, looking into the woman's face. "What makes you look with that hard, bitter look at the poor pale lady in the chair?"

"They're rich—I hate 'em," said Maggie, fiercely. "It was the rich people stole my bairn."

Mrs. Belrose, who was concealed by Lord Arthur, as she stood behind Lady Lucy's chair, started as the woman's voice fell upon her ear.

"How was it, Maggie?" said Duncan.

"Fifteen years ago," she replied, "when I was very young, but Robin's wife and Maggie's mother, two rich folks, a man and his wife, stayed the summer at our cottage for the health of their child, a puny bairn about my Maggie's age. It died. They were kind to Maggie, and my wee one loved 'em; and the large money they gave me, and the promise to make a lady of Maggie, tempted me sore, and I let them adopt my bairn. They promised I should see her every summer; but they took my babe away, and I never saw her again. I hate the rich folks that broke their promise and stole my baby; and when Robin died next year I was all alone."

Poor Maggie was weeping bitterly, and Lady Lucy sent her brother to ascertain if she could comfort her.

As Lord Arthur stepped forward from before Mrs. Belrose the woman caught sight of her. With a cry of joy and pain, strangely mingled, she sprang forward and threw herself at her feet.

"Heaven bless you!" she exclaimed. "You have come back to bring me my little Maggie, my bonny bairn. Where is she, my lady?"

"The woman is crazy," said Mrs. Belrose, turning deadly pale, but speaking coldly and calmly.

"No, no," said Maggie, rising, "I am not crazy. You are Mrs. Belrose—is she not, my lord?"

"Mother," said Cora, coming over to the side of Mrs. Belrose, "I have been listening to this woman's story, which you were not attentive enough to hear. Does it explain what you said this morning? Is this way I am to be spurned? Am I this woman's child?"

"My Maggie was a wee bairn," muttered the woman.

"Yes, fifteen years ago," said Mrs. Belrose. "Cora, Cora, leave her. I tell you she is mad!"

Maggie and Cora stood silent, side by side, and the likeness between them spoke their relationship. The same jetty hair, fine features, and large full eyes were visible in both faces. Mrs. Belrose read in the countenances of Lord Arthur and Lady Lucy that they saw this, and that further denial was useless. With a firm step she walked forward, motioning Maggie and Cora to follow her, and led the way to the cottage.

What passed between the three I never knew; but Mrs. Belrose left the cottage alone, and the next day Lord Arthur, Lady Lucy and herself left the coast for London. Cora had been offered a place with them again, but so coldly that her high spirit took offence, and she preferred staying with her mother.

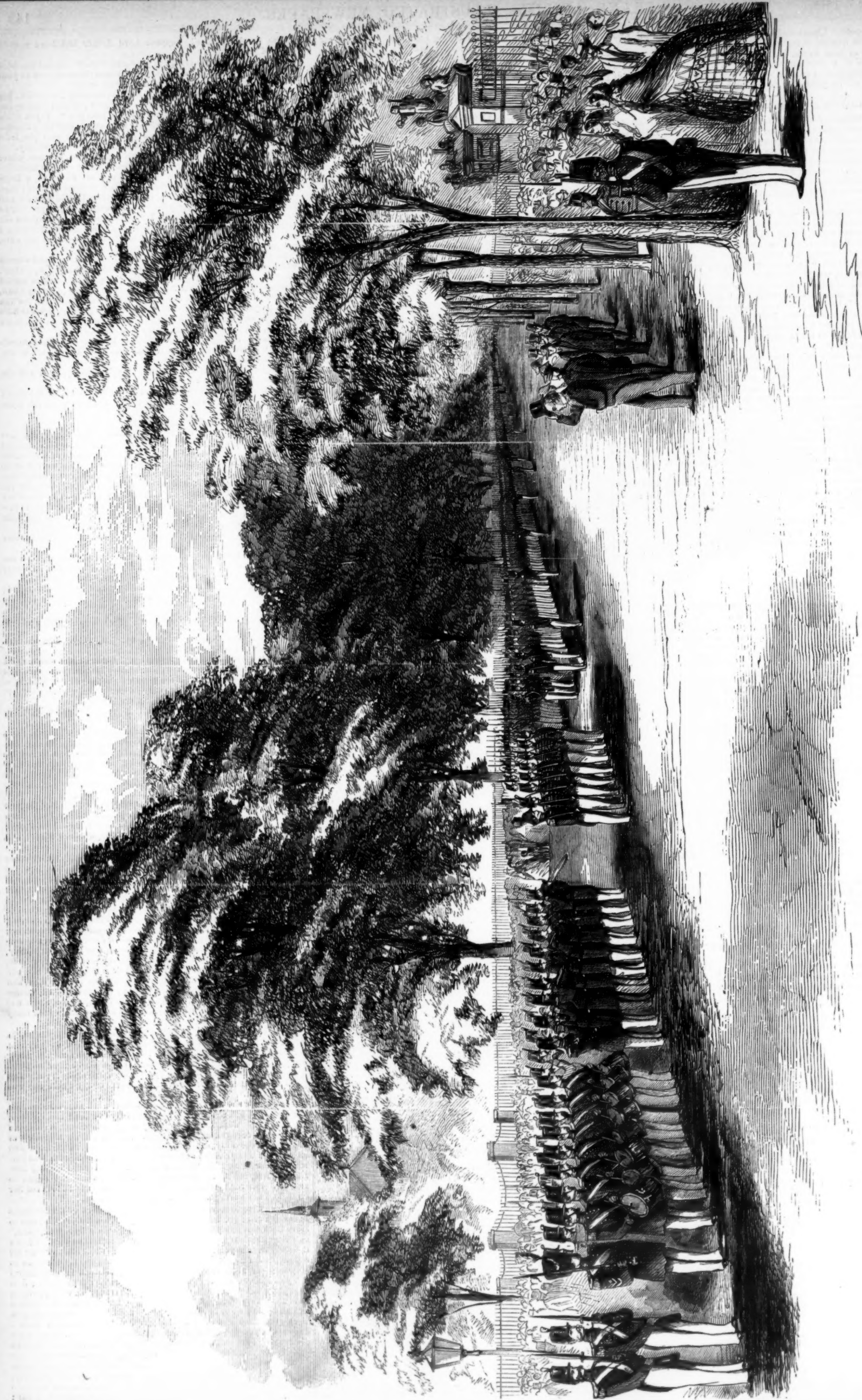
Laying aside all her fine lady notions she gradually brought her habits, if not her mind, down to her present station; and now the liveliness of her disposition, before kept in the background, was brought forward. In one year from the time she had left her former high home, there was not, apparently, a livelier, blither fisherwoman on the coast than Maggie Campbell. It was a hard struggle. The contrast between luxury and hard labor was disheartening, sickening to her; but duty and high principle were made to bear upon her life, and she gradually grew to love its wild freedom. While constantly in contact with Lord Arthur she had loved him passionately, but disgusted with his heartlessness in spurning her for her low birth, she found her respect gone, and her love soon followed it. She had been in her new life but fifteen months when her mother died, and she stood alone. Friends she had none; the ill-educated, coarse women around her had never been congenial companions, and it was duty more than love that made her cling to her mother, whose many sorrows touched her heart.

She left the coast and went to London, where her accomplishments and solid acquirements readily gained her a place as assistant teacher in a small private school. Lord Arthur was married. Lady Lucy was dead. Of her adopted mother she could hear nothing. Years passed on. Cora was happy; happy in her school; she had made many friends, and resided in a pleasant family where she was much beloved.

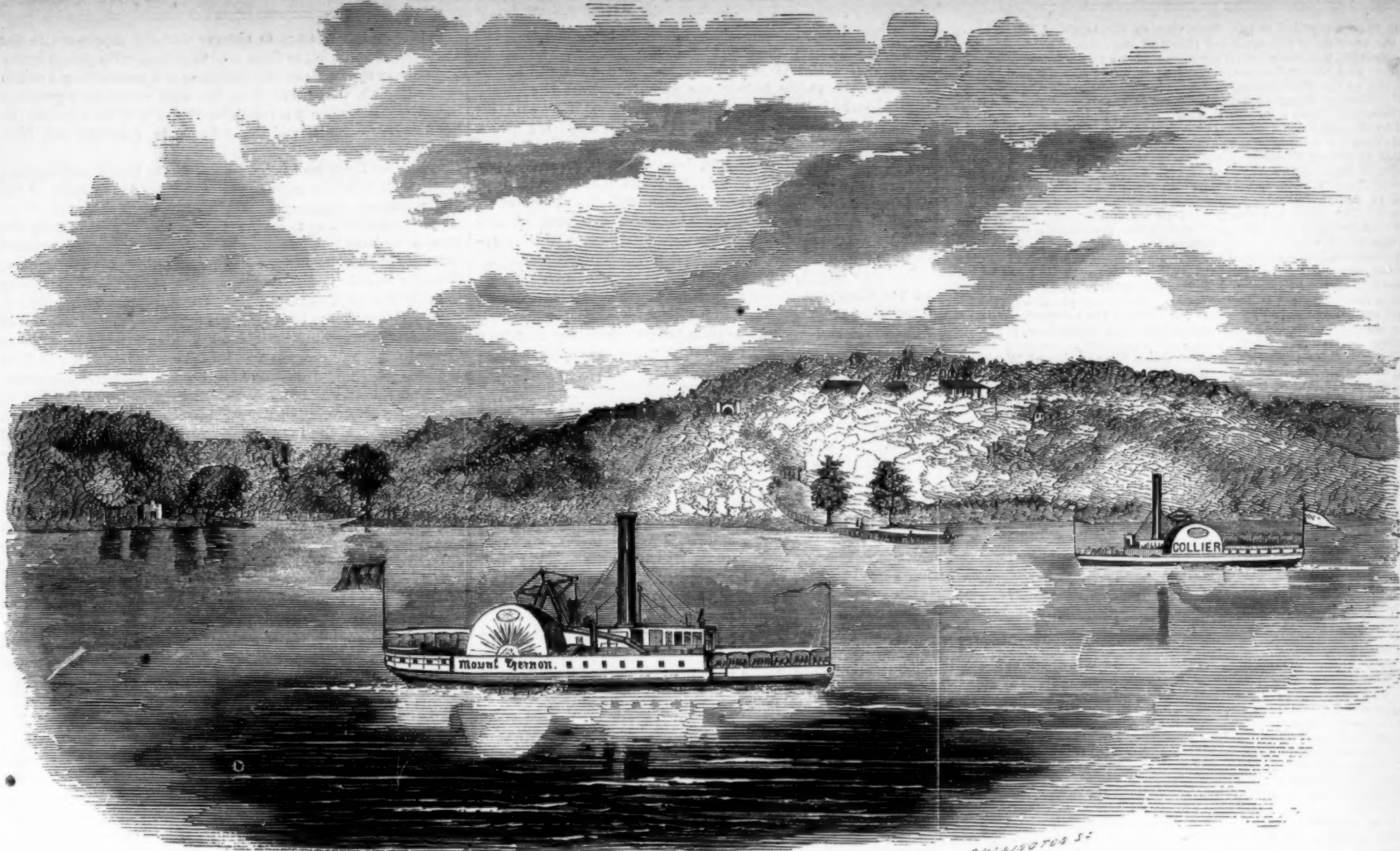
One evening she was returning from school when a crowd attracted her attention, and she heard that an old lady had been thrown from her carriage. With ready sympathy she joined those around the sufferer, and recognised Mrs. Belrose. Making known that she was a friend of the lady, she dispatched one person for a carriage and another for a physician; and in a short time Mrs. Belrose was carried to Cora's own little room, with her adopted child tending her. She was long too ill to know her nurse, but at last she began to recover. Her remorse for past unkindness, her renewed love for her child, and her warm gratitude, touched Cora's heart.

As her strength increased Mrs. Belrose told Cora of the incidents in her life after she left her. Lady Lucy had been most reluctant to leave Cora, but was persuaded by her brother "and by myself, Cora," said Mrs. Belrose. "Heaven knows I meant all for the best. I knew it was better for you to be separated from Lord Arthur, at least for a time; and I meant to come for you soon, but Lucy implored me to stay with her while she lived; it was only thirteen months after I left you that she died. She left me her share of the property; it is enough to enable me to live in luxury and leave you well provided for. I was very ill for several months after Lucy's death, but as soon as I was able I went in search of you. Your mother was dead; you were gone from home! I have never ceased to seek you. Now I have found you through a providential accident. You will not leave me again? I am old, and I need you, Cora. By all the love I showed you in your youth and childhood, I implore you not to leave me."

Cora did not leave her, and when Mrs. Belrose died, years afterwards, Cora, then thirty years of age, inherited all her property. She never married, but many were the poor houses where the face of Cora Belrose was hailed as a gleam of sunshine in poverty's dark path. A life of usefulness, unselfish kindness, and generous munificence was her lot; and she died at an advanced age, loved and lamented by all who knew her worth.



REVIEW OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, BY THE PRESIDENT, IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT APPROACHING MOUNT VERNON IN THE STEAMERS COLLIER AND MOUNT VERNON.

THE MONROE OBSEQUIES.

The Review by the President.

THE regimental line was formed at the hour indicated in front of the City Hall. As usual a large concourse of spectators were assembled, and the Seventh again reaped a harvest of applause. The line having been formed, the regiment commenced its march for Pennsylvania Avenue, whither it proceeded in good order, although greatly impeded by the attendant crowd. The heat was exceedingly annoying, but the regiment was soon drawn up for review, and the President was shortly seen approaching, followed by a number of officials. Mr. Buchanan was plainly dressed, and we are enabled to

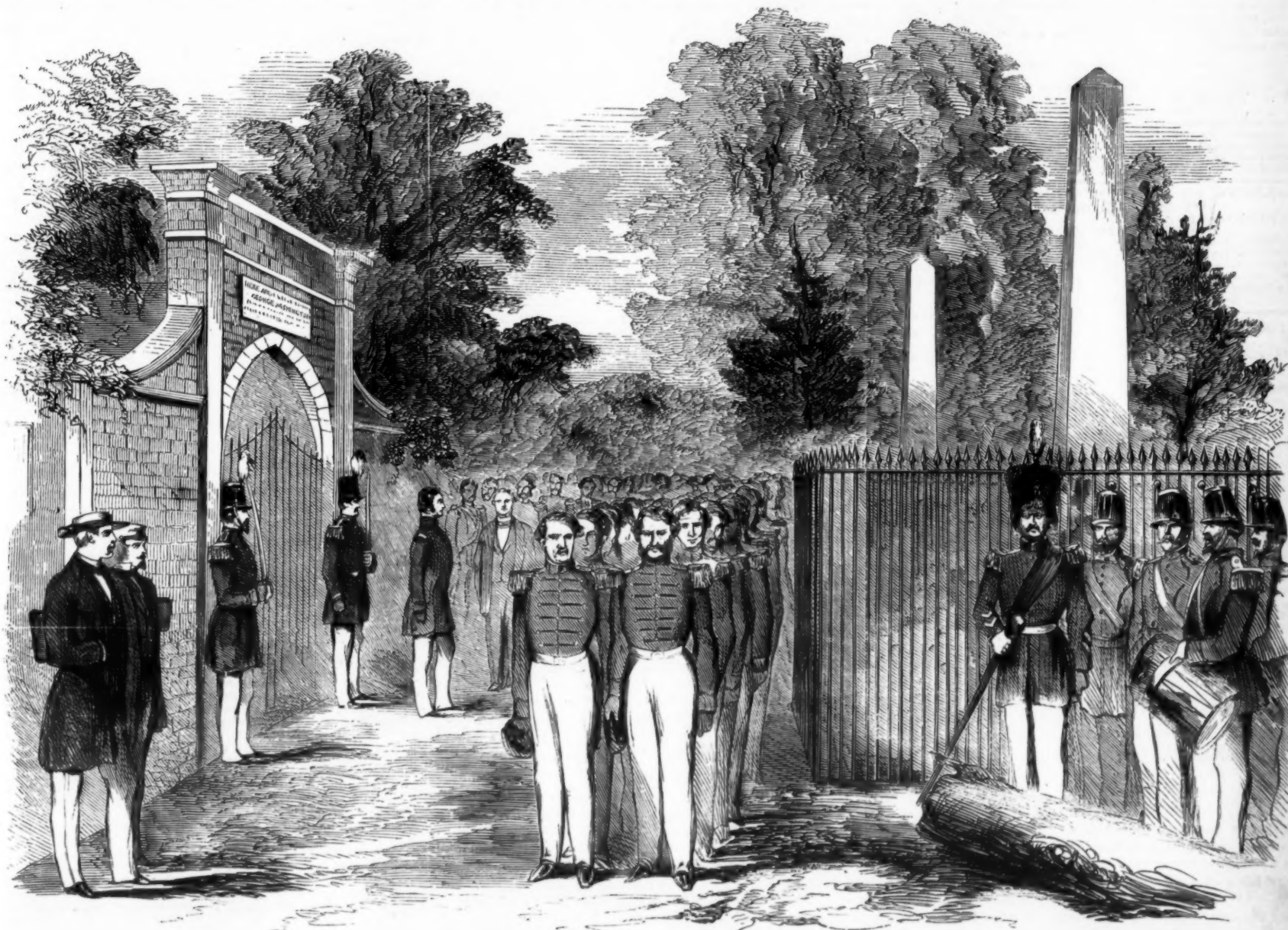
state, for the benefit of such of our readers as take an interest in matters of toilet, the particulars of his outward appearance. He wore a pair of thin light blue pants, white vest, black frock coat, light cravat, and black beaver hat. As the President approached the regiment presented arms, and he was received with a full salute of three rolls of the drum and a flourish of trumpets. The President was accompanied by the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy and Interior, the Postmaster-General and Attorney-General, military officers of the State, Mayor Townsend, Acting Adjutant-General, Gen. Ward B. Burnett and others.

During the inspection the band of the National Guard played the

inspiring march, "Hail to the Chief," and the President with his suite kept time to the music in soldierlike manner. The dignitaries of the nation expressed themselves pleased in the highest degree with the deportment of its defenders. On the termination of the review the regiment was received by the President at the White House. The officers were introduced by name, and the men, passing up in file, shook hands with Mr. Buchanan without special introduction. After these ceremonies the hungry regiment dispersed for supper.

Visit to Mount Vernon.

Owing to the limited time at the disposal of the Seventh Regiment,



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

they were compelled to pay their visit to the tomb of Washington on the evening of the same day they had arrived in Washington, and at about six P.M. they left Washington in the two steamers, Thomas Collyer and Mount Vernon, the use of which was tendered to Col. Duryea by the Washington and Alexandria Steamship Company.

Col. Duryea being slightly indisposed, the active command of the regiment devolved upon Lieut. Col. Lefferts.

The distance from Washington is about twenty miles; and in a little over an hour and a half the regiment was landed upon the wharf at Mount Vernon. This wharf—a crazy pile of woodwork—projects some thirty feet into the stream, and two paths lead from it to the tomb. The older one is much washed away by the rains, and is not the most direct route, being more in the path to the house. The other is a plank walk of wooden boards, loosened by age and frequent use, leading directly from the landing up the hill to the tomb, through thick foliage and alongside a little ravine. An ascent of some hundred yards brings one to the tomb of Washington, situated on the side of the hill facing the river, from which a portion of the building is visible. It is built of plain brick, some fifteen feet in height and twenty wide. Everything in the neighborhood speaks of neglect; and the bad taste of the numerous visitors, in recklessly despoiling the surrounding trees and shrubs, is plainly visible.

The marble sarcophagus which contains the remains of Washington can be plainly seen through the large double-barred iron gates, and at its side that of his wife. The ceilings and walls of the interior are soiled by the water soaking through, and the plastering is falling off in many places. The dust covers the sarcophagus, so that the inscription on the sarcophagus can hardly be read, and the following inscription over the doors is all that would denote to the casual observer the location of the tomb of the Father of his Country:

Within this Enclosure
Rest the Remains
of
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A stone panel over the door bears the following inscription:

"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

This vault was erected in 1831, just thirty-four years after Washington's death, and on the spot designated in his will as the "foot of what is commonly called the vineyard enclosure." The old vault near by, which was then abandoned, is now but bare ruined walls, into which the visitor may enter.

The regiment advanced up the pathway with uncovered heads, and formed in a semicircle about the tomb. Mayor Mayo of Richmond was the first to break the solemn silence which ensued. In a brief and impressive speech he reminded the Seventh Regiment of the hallowed nature of the ground upon which they stood, and avowed that the solemnity of the occasion completely overpowered him. On conclusion of Mayor Mayo's admirable remarks, the Rev. Dr. Weston addressed the regiment, and closed with an appropriate prayer. The nephew of the illustrious President, Mr. John A. Washington, was present, and was introduced to the officers of the regiment.

About nine P.M. the visitors again embarked, after a flying visit to the mansion and the room where the relics of Washington are treasured, and shortly after ten o'clock the regiment again entered Washington.

At five A.M. the next morning they left for New York, via Baltimore, and reached home once more about midnight of Saturday, the 10th.

Messrs. P. and M. Brown, of Brown's Hotel, Washington, refused to accept any payment for the board of their guests, and Mr. J. Crutchett, proprietor of a factory in which mementoes of Mount Vernon are prepared, informed Col. Duryea of his purpose of presenting every member of the regiment with a souvenir of the spot.

The Seventy-first and Fifty-fifth Regiments, with the New York City Guard, were drawn up at the Battery before sunset on Saturday evening, in the expectation of an early arrival of their comrades, but it was not until about one o'clock on Sunday morning that the Amboy boat reached its dock. The troops, however, kept their ground most valiantly, and a thorough-paced ovation awaited the returning Seventh.

They were escorted up Broadway amid the applause of assembled crowds, and, despite the lateness of the hour, several buildings were illuminated. It was after three o'clock A.M. when the regiments finally separated.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.

MR. and MRS. W. J. FLORENCE,
in their celebrated characters.
Supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, \$1.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.— WYMAN, THE WONDERFUL,

in his entirely new series of
MIRACLES.
In the way of Fascination, Divination, Demonology, Witchcraft, Spirit Rapping, Enchantment, Ventriloquism, Magic, &c.
Every Afternoon and Evening at 8 and at 7½ o'clock during the week.
Also, the GRAND AQUAELLA, or Ocean and River wonders; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!
BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX AND WHITE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bloeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

PALACE GARDEN.— On Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue.

This Extensive and Magnificent Garden IS NOW OPEN to Visitors Day and Evening.

GRAND CONCERTS, PROMENADE D'ETE,
Will be given on every
TUESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENING.

The Orchestra will be under the experienced Direction of the celebrated
Composer and Conductor,
MR. THOMAS BAKER.

Formerly Leader of Julian's renowned Band and Conductor at Laura Keane's Theatre and Niblo's Garden.

The Charge of Admission on Concert Nights will be 25 cents, Refreshments not included; but on other Nights, 15 cents will be charged at the Gates, or which Tickets will be given, receivable in Refreshments. Family Season Tickets, \$10.

THE ICE CREAMS AND ICES,
Made from the original Recipe of Mr. Conto's celebrated Cream, will be composed of the purest materials, the Milk and Cream being procured direct from Farmers, who have contracted to supply the demand.

Every attaché to this Garden will have his specific duties to fulfil, and visitors will greatly oblige the Proprietors if they will report any dereliction on the part of Cashiers, Clerks, Guards, Heads of Departments, Waiters, &c.
DE FOREST & TISDALE, Proprietors.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 7, 1858.

The Swill Milk Libels.

Our readers are aware that Aldermen Reed and Tuomey have made complaints of libels against Mr. Leslie, basing their cases upon a comic cut representing some men engaged in the praiseworthy labor of whitewashing the swill milkmaids, cows and stables. Aldermen Reed first entered the lists, and was immediately followed by Alderman Tuomey. Warren Leland, Esq., of the Metropolitan Hotel, was bail for Mr. Leslie in both suits. Mr. Leslie, having demanded an examination, appeared at the Tombs before Judge Welch on the 27th inst., to answer Alderman Tuomey's complaint.

The poor libelled Alderman cut a most sorry figure. His uneasy and nervous manner plainly betokened that he felt he was making a fool of himself, at the same time the knowledge that the public feeling was entirely against him, urged him to make some show of an attempt to whitewash his own character, and assume a virtue if he had it not. We give a full report of the hearing in another column, and shall not, therefore, enter into details. It was, however, a scene sufficiently funny to form the basis of a farce for Laura Keane. Alderman Reed, professional butcher, sympathizing with the much-suffering Tuomey, gave him the countenance of his presence, and verily they were a pleasant pair to look upon—these precious representatives in the Councils of our city.

The heavy tragedy air of Excise Commissioner R. D. Holmes, and the simpering assumption of John Graham, who appeared on behalf of these worthies, added much to the farce materials of the scene, and we must do them the justice to say that they would pass anywhere as tolerable stock actors, where an indifferent knowledge of the English language would not be considered a drawback.

After putting in his complaint, Tuomey was asked to identify the figure in the picture which he supposed was meant to resemble him. The poor fellow, feeling the ridiculous position he was in, selected the worst-looking of all the figures, saying that it looked like him "from the shoulders up," but he utterly ignored the body and the lower limbs! Yea, Tuomey acknowledged to the "head and shoulders," but disowned the rest. Every one felt that in this acknowledgment Tuomey betrayed a very moderate estimation of his own personal beauty. Every face wore a broad grin, and even the injured innocent himself got up a grim smile, as though he felt the joke, but would not see that the jest was all against himself.

He was next asked to identify Reed in the picture, and with a malice which we consider anything but friendly, he selected a shabby-looking fellow with a prodigiously powerful Hebrew nasal development. Mr. Ashmead, our counsel, supposing that Tuomey was joking, asked again and again if the nose in the picture actually resembled Reed's nose, when up jumped the doughty Reed in a state of great nervous excitement, and pointing to his symmetrical proboscis, exclaimed, "I guess you'll find this nose there," or words to that effect. This was too much for the heavy tragedy or simpering assumption of the extremely learned counsels, and the whole room joined in a roar of laughter. These Aldermen are funny men, and no Merry Andrew in the circus could have supplied a larger amount of amusement in the same space of time. We congratulate them upon their success in adding the title of fool to that of knave, and leave them to the good memories and the tender mercies of their constituents and public, whose vital interests they have so unblushingly betrayed.

The Quarantine Laws.

It is not surprising, since avarice never counts its own life in the pursuit of gold, that it should show such a reckless indifference to that of the community. It is certainly to be regretted that commerce, whose bright side we see in the world's progress, should exhibit the dark phase in such appalling characters as it occasionally does. It seems to us that merchants, in their love of gain, are unable to see anything in its true colors, otherwise they never would object to such a trifling inconvenience or loss as the Quarantine detention. We have observed that some of the press have unthinkingly been made the mouthpiece of these most wicked and unreasonable complaints, which really ought to almost shut a man out of human society for uttering, since, in plain English, it openly prefers its own miserable five per cent. to the health of the community.

In connection with this subject, let us briefly advert to the conduct of the New Jersey authorities in their recent negotiations with the State of New York on this subject. Taking a mean, or, rather, we should say, a New Jersey advantage of the necessity of the case, they attempted to drive a Jew's bargain, and had the unblushing impudence to demand Staten Island in exchange for Sandy Hook. However anxious New York might have been to protect the public health by removing the Quarantine, popular indignation would not suffer us to be thus victimized by a State which so basely endeavored to convert a nation's peril to her own private gain. We question if New Jersey does not present in that transaction a spectacle unparalleled of combined knavery and stupidity. With pestilence knocking at her doors, she chaffers, not for health or life, not to prevent the contagion spreading, but to overreach a sick neighbor in a bargain. She appears entirely to forget that, were the yellow fever to break out on the Quarantine grounds, on Staten Island, it would sweep over New Jersey like a fiery blast; and nothing but the extreme ignorance of the New Jersey people can account for their blindness in not perceiving that geographically they are far more threatened by having the Quarantine at Staten Island than at Sandy Hook, and that consequently the change was rendered more imperative by her safety than ours; but the temptation to overreach was too strong for their lax morality, and the consequence is that we are every minute exposed to that most terrible of all scourges the yellow fever. Fallible as the Quarantine test undoubtedly is, we cannot afford to have its efficacy weakened by the avarice of a few Shylocks, for we are convinced the general body of our merchants regard the lives and health of our citizens too dearly to suffer the expense and inconvenience of a short Quarantine to weigh against the public welfare.

We trust that the public will frown down any attempt to relax the stringency and impair the efficacy of the Quarantine regulations.

The Pacific Road.

THE corruption and selfishness of the men who postponed the consideration of the Pacific Wagon Road last June to 7th December, are about receiving a striking punishment for their conduct; for the last mails from England bring intelligence that an English company, supported by the British Government, has been formed to make a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific, entirely in British territory.

This project, which has been contemplated for some time, has received its quickening impulse by the discovery of gold in Fraser River, and which led to the formation of a new British colony, under the title of New Caledonia, although there is the probability of its name being changed to Pacifica.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that the supremacy in the Pacific traffic will fall to those who first make this grand route, and once in the hands of so persevering and enterprising a nation as the English, the sceptre thus lost may never be regained—more especially when it is remembered she will be seconded by her Empire in India, and her colonies in Australia and New Zealand.

While our Congress has been debating the matter, and fighting which shall make the most out of it, entirely losing sight of the public interest, the practical English have done the work, or so far progressed in it as to render it impossible for us to regain the ground we have lost. It must be remembered that five hundred miles of the British railroad to the Pacific are already in operation, since the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada (already extending from Quebec to Toronto), which is to form part of the British Pacific Railway, has been for years in successful operation, and the line of road connecting Halifax and Quebec is already commenced. The railroad has now, therefore, to be prolonged from the head waters of Lake Superior through the Red River country, and the fertile valley of the Saskatchewan, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. An abundance of passes here exist, through which the railway can be carried by easy gradients, and from the western base of the mountains to the Pacific coast is one broad plain, seeming almost to call aloud for the theodolite of the surveyor, and the pick of the railway "navvy."

The enormous wealth this will bring to British America is apparent, since every convenient stopping-place on the road will soon grow into a town, while around it the waste lands will be converted into productive farms.

It is of course somewhat a waste of time to reproach Congress for its neglect of our great national interests, but we trust the next Presidential election will turn upon the immediate building of this grand road to our Pacific possessions, without we intend to abandon to England, without an effort, the supremacy of the Pacific.

Alderman Reed versus Frank Leslie.

THE examination in this famous case, which shows such a ludicrous susceptibility on the part of those cow-hided gentlemen, known as stump-tailed Aldermen, came off before Justice Quackenbush, on Friday afternoon, at the Jefferson Market Police Court. Mr. Reed, attended by Mr. Graham, was present, and Mr. Leslie, accompanied by the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and his legal adviser, was also there.

Mr. Reed is evidently a monomaniac on his personal beauty, for a rough, good-tempered sketch of ours seems to deprive him of that national common sense which is born with an American. He declared his little boy had shown it to his ma, as being pa's nose; moreover, that he himself thought it a good likeness for a woodcut, and added the somewhat equivocal expression, that it looked more like an Alderman than a thief. What could have assimilated those characters in Alderman Reed's mind must be left to conjecture. "Too much swill milk has confused him."

After a few prefatory remarks,

Mr. Watson, our editor, was then called on the stand and cross-questioned as to the artist who had the audacity to draw the offending caricature. As this is a department out of Mr. Watson's supervision, they might as well have asked Mr. Reed who dressed Mr. Graham's hair; indeed, to save unnecessary inquisitorial freaks, we may as well relieve their suspense and tell them that it is the work of no one artist—being the result of a combination of talent seen in no other office than our own. To oblige Mr. Graham we will confess that one sketched the cow, another finished its stump-tail, a third elaborated the intellectual face of Mr. Tuomey, and, we think, that it was Mr. Leslie himself who bestowed on Alderman Reed's nose its finishing stroke.

Mr. Graham wanted to show his genealogical learning, and asked Mr. Watson sundry questions about our artists' ancestors, the answers to which were so frank that the elegant counsellor seemed perfectly satisfied. Mr. Lowerre, Mr. Ashmead's partner, put some terribly searching questions to Mr. Reed, such as how he could reject evidence like that of Drs. Francis, Griscom, Gardner, and other eminent physicians, Mr. Morton's, Mr. Genin's and other eminent citizens, and be entirely guided by that of men who are notoriously engaged in the traffic. It is like calling upon criminals to convict a thief. Mr. Reed merely protested his innocence, as all gentlemen in his position are expected to do.

No new facts were elicited, and Justice Quackenbush, who acted with great fairness and courtesy, and who seemed to relish the fun amazingly, sent the case to the Grand Jury.

"Whom the Gods Love Die Young."

AN old bachelor correspondent, who is an earnest admirer of the Little-Children-Inanities of the matronly editor of a contemporary's "drawer," sends us the following involuntary tribute of esteem, which we willingly insert:

"Harper cries."—Thirl Witch, Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 1st.

Some people take magazines to enjoy the pictures—others for the choice original matter; but I take mine because, old bachelor as I am, the child-stories in the drawer excite my sensibilities and warm the heart that is growing cold with years, and I always had a sympathy for genius that dies young. My friend Brown, a married man, ridicules all this. He says that such tender precocity must, indeed, be short-lived, and that the editor is responsible for a slaughter of infants unparalleled since the days of Herod. This very morning Brown handed me the following:

"A little one-year-old remarked with singular shrewdness, just about twilight, as he was being tucked away for the night, 'Ma, don't you think that the man who writes all those things that smart children, like me, say, and then makes them die—don't you think, ma, that he's a very naughty man?' 'Why, my pet?' said the mother, fearful that some celestial reply would hurry her child to a premature grave. 'Because, ma, he runs little children into the ground!'"

A friend in the flourishing town of Dubuque, Iowa, sends us the following:
"Pa!" said our little twenty-two-months, now in heaven, with a strange light beaming from her eye. "Pa!" "What, dear?" "Nothing, pa!" The answer could hardly have been better.

Little Minnie, a fresh rosebud, a two-and-a-half, astonished us as we were putting on our overcoat, preparatory to leaving the house:
"Pa! when I die, let me have a nice new coffin, and don't put me in that drawer where those smart children are, for it's crammed full now!"

Editorial Gossip.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—MRS. MEARS' FRENCH SCHOOL.—We speak of Mrs. Mears' establishment from personal knowledge and inspection.

tion, and we give our readers the benefit of our experience. There is no surer way of making good scholars than by exciting in them a sentiment of affection towards their teachers. This happy power is possessed in an eminent degree by Mrs. Mears. Her pupils are her children and her friends, and when they leave her they bear away the memory of a thousand kindnesses, of a gentle motherly rule, of a conscientious fulfilment of duties, and a ceaseless care of the moral and social principles, which bear abundant good fruits in after life. We could dwell longer on this point, as it seems to us to be one of the most important qualifications in the character of those who are to be, for several years, our substitutes in the guardianship of our children.

Mrs. Mears' establishment is arranged in a style of *recherché* elegance, and that perfect system of ventilation prevails which is so highly conducive to health, and which is too much overlooked in similar establishments in our city. All the various departments are under the care of the most eminent professors, and every study and every class is strictly supervised by Mrs. Mears. Where the head is omnipresent, the labors must proceed with regularity and profit.

Mrs. Mears has abolished the absurd system of awarding prizes. She has watched its practical working, and has found that it fosters a system of favoritism between the teachers and the pupils—the wealthy interest generally prevailing, in view of future preferment for the teacher, that it actually deducts one quarter from the regular and progressive study, thus robbing all the parents, that a few children may exhibit a false glitter in some study for which they have been crammed, and which, after all, is no sign of real proficiency, but mere show. The abolishment of this prevailing humbug we cordially approve of.

Besides giving to her scholars a thorough education, Mrs. Mears prepares them for taking their places in society. This she accomplishes by the precision and elegance of the daily routine of personal intercourse, and further by her weekly receptions, at which her pupils, in the various stages of advancement, are introduced and meet on terms of social equality with the most eminent and intellectual persons of our country. In this mixed but rigidly select society, the pupils are expected to contribute the exercise of their accomplishments as freely as though they had left school and were mingling with the circle of their own acquaintances and friends. This system, besides gradually freeing the pupil from all nervousness and embarrassment, gives a high and *distingué* tone to their manner, and teaches them that which society expects from all who possess accomplishments or special abilities.

To this and to her general training we place the fact that Mrs. Mears' pupils are everywhere distinguished in society, by their superior tone of high breeding and freedom from all embarrassment and affectation.

Throughout the South Mrs. Mears' reputation is omnipotent, and in the elegant circles of Washington her *protégés* make their mark, and her system has become a proverb. To our own citizens we need hardly commend Mrs. Mears' establishment, as a large proportion of the fair children of our best and wealthiest families have received, and still receive, their education at her hands.

THE PLEASANTEST ROUTE TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS is that which begins at pier 18, North River, on board the Commonwealth or Connecticut, at 5 P. M., taking you along via Norwich and Worcester. By this route passengers are allowed to stop over at any point, and proceed at their convenience. By going directly on they reach the mountains in twenty-four hours. By the mid-day train from Worcester, travellers reach Centre Harbor, Wolfboro', Plymouth, or Wells River in the evening. The Norwich and Worcester route is the only one to Wier's Landing, Centre Harbor and Lake Winnepiscogee. A great stream of fashionable travel sets in for these romantic regions of the North, and all the hotels on the route are highly eulogized by the travellers. Everything is done to contribute to their comfort and pleasure.

MR. MORE, late of the Erie Railroad, has just been appointed General Freight Agent of the New York Central. This will be peculiarly gratifying to the patrons of the Central, his courteous manners, general application and promptness in business making him deservedly an acquisition.

SWILL MILK. ACTION FOR LIBEL AGAINST FRANK LESLIE. Tuomey versus Leslie.

TOMBS POLICE COURT, TUESDAY, JULY 27—BEFORE JUDGE WELSH.

This case was brought by Alderman Tuomey, of the Sixth Aldermanic District, against Frank Leslie, Proprietor and Publisher of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, for an alleged caricature sketch of said plaintiff, in said paper of the 14th inst., which represented him and Alderman Tucker and Reed as "whitewashing the 'masculine milkmaids' with Leviathan whitewash brushes, at the Sixteenth street cow stables."

The following is the alleged libel, as our reporter took it *verbatim* from the summons and plaint:

"That the said defendant, calling himself Frank Leslie, as deponent was informed and believes, engraved, printed and published, or caused to be engraved, printed and published in a certain weekly newspaper, called *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, of and concerning this deponent a gross and wicked libel," &c., &c.

Mr. Holmes, with Mr. Graham as associate, appeared as Counsel for plaintiff, and Mr. Ashmead for defendant.

Mr. Holmes called Mr. Henry C. Watson, Mr. Leslie's editor, as the first witness for the prosecution.

Mr. ASHMEAD objected to this course of procedure on the ground that the plaintiff was the proper person to examine first, and, after some argument, the court sustained the objection.

Alderman TUOMEY was then called and examined by Mr. Holmes. He said he resides at 212 Grand street; resided in New York since he was nine months old (so he had been informed, and he believed so); he was Alderman of the Sixth Aldermanic District since January last; was a member of the Board of Health of the city of New York—his associates being all of the Board of Aldermen; knew Alderman Tucker and Reed; had been appointed, in conjunction with them, on the Committee for the Examination of Swill Milk; made a majority report of their proceedings; the gentlemen who made that report were Tucker, Reed and himself; the Committee consisted of five; Messrs. Cross and Haswell were the other two.

Mr. HOLMES—Did you see in any publication in the city of New York any allusion to yourself as a member of that Committee?

Mr. ASHMEAD—I object to that, because we are not responsible for what appears in any paper in New York. Now, if there is any particular thing to which you can direct attention and you propose to connect that with the defendant, that is something. I therefore ask to have it made more particular.

Mr. HOLMES (to witness)—Do you know a paper called *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*?

Witness—Yes, I do.

Mr. HOLMES—Do you know the name of the proprietor and publisher of that paper?

Witness—Frank Leslie he is supposed to be called.

Mr. HOLMES—You believe him, you say, to be the proprietor?

Witness—Yes, sir.

Mr. HOLMES—Look at that paper I now show you, and state if it is the paper to which you have here referred?

Witness—It is.

Mr. HOLMES—How did that paper come into this building?

Witness—I brought it here.

Mr. HOLMES—How did you get it?

Witness—It was handed to me.

Mr. HOLMES—Look at the 110th page of this publication, and state when the print in it was first called to your attention?

Witness—It was called to my attention the morning the Board of Health met; I remember the day; the day we made the report to the Board of Health.

Mr. HOLMES—Was it before or after you and the majority made the report that you saw this paper?

Witness—Before the report was handed in.

Mr. HOLMES—To whom, Alderman Tuomey, do those figures refer?

Witness—To Mr. Reed, Tucker and myself.

Mr. ASHMEAD—Which do you call your figure, sir; that is what I want to know?

Witness pointed it out in the paper.

Mr. HOLMES—For a series of weeks before this these cows were represented in their stables as filled with udders, which shows that this case alone is not the whole of the libel which has been perpetrated; but it was to be taken in connection with previous publications, holding those stables and their animals up to the community—holding them up in the most loathsome way an artist could do it. It libelled Alderman Tucker, and charged him indirectly with a crime most repugnant to any community. The intention of Leslie in this was to libel Alderman Tuomey and his associates.

Mr. ASHMEAD—The answer I make to that is, we are trying no distinct matter here, and it is necessary in all criminal matters that the subject matter should be kept in view. Now, if there were a libel at all, it is a libel upon three or four parties who appear in that paper. When one gentleman is charged with a distinct libel, and I to be told, on any principle of law, that we published a libel upon two other parties who are not here, and who have not taken proceedings? It is just as certain that you must confine your evidence to the specific charge as it is certain you are to define your charge.

Judge WELSH—It may come out as a fact that this resemblance is part of the transaction. If it is the likeness of Alderman Reed, it goes so far to establish the identity of the Committee.

Examination resumed.

Witness—No. 1 of the figures I recognize as Alderman Reed; No. 4 resembles Smith, foreman of the Sixteenth street distillery, between Ninth and Tenth avenues; the stables are about a block from the distillery; they are in Sixteenth street; the distillery belongs to Bradish Johnson; inspected those cow stables and reported as a member of the Committee.

Mr. HOLMES—What distillery furnishes the swill to the Sixteenth street stables?

Mr. ASHMEAD objected to the question.

Mr. HOLMES—Your honor will perceive that there are \$5,000 being put in a very all manner into the pocket of Alderman Tuomey. I now seek to show the belief, or feeling, that was in the mind of Leslie, and which he sought to force on the community about these gentlemen.

The Court overruled Mr. Ashmead's objection.

Mr. HOLMES (to witness)—You understand my question.

A—The Sixteenth street distillery furnish the swill, as far as my belief goes; I received the paper now shown me (marked B), from a man named Smith, one of the attachés of the Common Council, and who is now present.

Q—To what extent have you seen similar impressions to those in the city of New York?

A—I have seen numerous impressions to this hanging in the streets of New York; saw them exposed publicly in Broadway.

Q—Did you, during the investigation of the Committee, have an interview with Mr. Leslie personally?

A—No, sir.

Q—Was he before the Committee?

A—He appeared before the Committee.

Q—In what capacity?

A—He took a leading part against the cow-stables.

Q—Was your report in accordance with or against his views?

A—Against his views.

Q—As he expressed them.

A—As he expressed them.

Q—What was your best belief as to the motive which induced the publication of this wicked libel by Mr. Leslie, if he is the publisher?

A—As far as my best belief goes, I do not think it was done for the benefit of the community.

Q—Well, I am speaking now as to its being malicious or otherwise?

A—Well, my answer to that is, that, in the spirit in which I took hold of it, it was malicious.

Cross examined by Mr. ASHMEAD:

Q—How many were there upon the Committee?

A—Five, sir.

Q—How many concurred with you in your report?

A—Two.

Q—Then there were three altogether?

A—Yes.

Q—Was there a minority report?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—How many made the minority report?

A—One—Councillor Haswell. There are twenty-four Councilmen, eleven Aldermen and the Mayor. They did not all vote upon this report; the vote stood sixteen to eleven.

Q—What was the precise matter you were to investigate in this Committee of five?

A—The charges were that the milk was poisonous and deleterious to health, and the Board of Health was called upon by the Mayor; the charges were made by letters.

Q—Did Alderman Tucker, Reed and yourself report that it was not poisonous?

A—Yes.

Q—Can you tell me how you are able to designate upon this picture which one is meant for you?

A—Yes, well; by the general appearance of my figure from the shoulder upwards.

Q—Is there any other reason but the general appearance of the figure to tell that it means you?

A—Yes; I judge by the likeness of Alderman Reed that the figure marked 3 is meant for him.

Q—What do you say to the figure which is holding the \$5,000?

A—That is Smith—figure No. 4.

Q—Why do you think that is he?

A—I take it as a resemblance to Mr. Smith, foreman to the distillery.

Q—What do you understand is meant by this \$5,000?

A—I understand that it shows there was a bribe.

Q—You understand, then, that that \$5,000 which he holds in his hand was that intended for you for making the report?

A—Yes, sir.

Q—According to this, the \$5,000 is still in his hand?

A—It is put into the pocket; it is supposed to be a bribe.

Q—Are you what they call left-handed?

A—I am right-handed.

Q—The whitewashing, then, seems to be done with the left hand?

A—I suppose so; I presume a person can use his left hand whitewashing as well as his right.

Q—Well, the figure marked 1 you say resembles Alderman Reed?

A—Yes.

Q—Why do you think that this is the figure of Alderman Reed?

A—Well, it is; it is a fac simile.

Q—Well, I have never seen Alderman Reed. Has he a nose like that?

A—Yes, sir (laughter).

Q—You think that looks like Alderman Reed's nose? (laughter.)

A—I do, sir.

ALDERMAN REED (jumping up)—You see the original before you (pointing indignantly to the picture). I think you can see my nose there (great laughter).

Q—What do you understand by the coat pocket of Alderman Reed?

A—I look upon that as suggestive of a bribe.

Q—How do you account for it, then, if that is so, that your bribe is \$5,000 and Alderman Reed's is only \$50?

Mr. HOLMES—I object to that. This is a most gross assumption, that these gentlemen have received \$5,000 and \$50.

Cross-examination resumed.

Q—I want to know how it is that Alderman Reed's bribe is \$50 and yours \$5,000?

A—I cannot account for it.

Q—Who is this No. 2?

A—It is supposed to be Tucker.

Q—I know it is supposed, but it is you I ask who it is?

A—Well, I cannot see any resemblance to Alderman Tucker, but I think No. 2 is meant for him.

Mr. HOLMES—Another reason for believing in the representation is, that the names of Tucker and Reed are there.

Mr. TERENCE P. SMITH examined by Mr. Holmes—Since the first of July last I have been employed as messenger to the Board of Aldermen; was present when Alderman Tuomey gave his evidence a few minutes ago; heard that part with reference to his having received a newspaper from me; I did give him a newspaper about half an hour or three quarters of an hour ago; I purchased it at No. 13 Frankfort street; the place was an office for the sale of papers; it was a printing office; I have seen this paper in numerous other places.

Mr. ASHMEAD—The object of all this is to prove that Leslie publishes this paper. I admit that.

Mr. HOLMES objected to receiving the admission as evidence, and said that admissions and stipulations made were frequently denied and violated.

Judge WELSH—I think the admission ought to satisfy you here.

The admission was hereupon taken as evidence.

Mr. HOLMES—That is our case, your honor, after the witness has signed the deposition.

Mr. ASHMEAD then asked to have the case returned to the Court of General Sessions.

Mr. HOLMES—Very good; we are glad that that position should be taken, particularly as I see by your smile you are satisfied.

Mr. ASHMEAD—When two are agreeable, we will all be agreeable.

Mr. HOLMES—Mr. Watson, I desire to ask you a question.

Mr. ASHMEAD—Well, I object to that, for the simple reason that you have closed your case, and we have interposed no evidence.

Judge WELSH—This originally would have gone before the Grand Jury, without any other testimony, if the defendant had desired it. This examination has been for his satisfaction.

Mr. GRAHAM—The artist ought to be indicted here. The object is to get the name of the artist. It is such men as this that make such men as Leslie dangerous. The only way to strike down this artist and the crime is to get at the name of the artist. The person who would get up a libel of this kind ought to be sent to the Penitentiary for the full term.

Mr. ASHMEAD—The allegation that Mr. Graham has made I am sorry to hear. In the course of prosecution I have heard coarse and gross language; but as far as I have been generally accustomed to seeing prosecutions conducted, this is entirely different. Now, as to this affair here. If you choose to make a charge against any living being you have a right to subpoena any gentleman; but you have closed your case.

Judge WELSH—The papers will take their course. They will go to the Grand Jury.

This terminated the proceedings for the present, and Alderman Tuomey "sloped gently" out of the room, with a world of importance in his "expressive" countenance.

ARTISTS AND COUNSELLORS.

To the Editor of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*:

Mr. Graham said in his defence of the Aldermen, before Judge Welsh, the other day, that the persons most to blame for the caricature of the swill cow stable whitewashers were the artists, who, for the sake of hire, degraded themselves to libel honorable men; adding that he should like to send them to the Penitentiary. Without pausing to inquire how far such men as the signers of a solemn report, given in contradiction of all evidence, deserve that appellation—not even stopping to point out what an admirable Attorney-General Mr. Graham would have made for King George the Third of blessed memory, and would still make for King Bomba of equal blessed existence—I trust you will allow me space in your paper to consider the distinctive characteristics of the two professions—that of the artist and the lawyer—and since the honest exercise of our talents is the foundation of all personal independence and honor, to see how far the calling of an artist is inferior to that of the lawyer.

That eminent moralist, Dr. Samuel Johnson, defined an advocate to be a man who gained a disreputable living by the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong, and marked his contempt of the vocation by affirming seriously to Boswell, that a counsel was bound to do for his client what his client would do for himself if he had his legal knowledge. I will not make any personal application of this undoubtedly truthful definition to Mr. Graham; but I may ask him, since he is somewhat famous as a criminal lawyer, if he has never defended a man, knowing him to be a notorious villain; whether he has not screened, for hire, murderers, forgers and thieves, or any other of those law breakers who make up so large a portion of a lawyer's business? Has Mr. Graham never protested the innocence of some of his patrons, when he knew all the time they were notorious villains, and that the welfare of society demanded their imprisonment or death? Even Mr. John Graham's legal disregard of truth would hardly embolden him so far as to answer this question in the negative; and indeed it would seem to require a long preparation of such indiscriminate sympathy with crime to nerve any man to undertake the desperate and unpopular task of advocating the cause of corrupt officials—men, if they deserve that name, Mr. Editor, who, for hire, endeavor to fasten upon the people of New York a poison which slays its thousands every year.

If Mr. Graham has one lingering touch of his original nature, which was cherished at his mother's breast, but now, I fear, obliterated by the leprosy of disfigurement of swill milk, let him follow the remorseful but noble example of the man who, having sold a righteous cause for thirty pieces of silver, returned the money to the Tuomey and Reed of those days, and then executed justice on himself.

Mr. Graham expressed great indignation against artists for libelling such respectable gentlemen as the Aldermen; although this is probably some of Mr. John Graham's delicate irony, and conceived in the same spirit as manifested by those writers who, when they allude to the devil, facetiously call him "the gentleman in black." I shall, however, consider it in its literal sense, and ask Mr. Graham if he has never insulted a witness—even modest and timid ladies—by putting questions implying crimes which Mr. Graham well knew were to be mere impudent inventions, and the putting of which is one of those foul tricks belonging only to his trade? I will not tell him what my definition of such artistic proceedings is, for its truth and severity might disturb those well-combed and exquisitely arranged locks of that fair and possibly frail face, which really seems more fitted to adorn a millinery establishment than to grace a court of law.

Surely Mr. Graham cannot have confused his moral perceptions so far by this adorning contemplation of his manifold charms in a mirror, as not to know such conduct is *advised* as deserving the Penitentiary as to sketch a harmless and innocent illustration, calculated to shame the guardians of the public health into withdrawing their unbecomingly protection from the vendors of a poison, sold under the false pretence of being a nutritious article of food. If anything could stamp the defenders of the swill milk interest, whether they be corrupt Aldermen or hireling lawyers, with deep damnation, it is the unblushing fact that these wholesale poisoners can only get parents to force it down their infants' throats under the lying pretence that it is something else.

The druggist who knowingly sells laudanum for tincture of rhubarb is hanged, and every honest man thinks a similar punishment should also fall upon those child-killers. What is the villainy of passing bogus coin to that of passing off a slow poison as milk? And yet, for hire, Mr. Graham has thrown the shield of his wit, virulence and legal lore over this infamous traffic. If Mr. Graham's personal admiration of himself and undoubted charms has so far confused his notions of right and wrong, I can only drop a tear on the melancholy mental condition of the Narcissus of the New York bar. But the spectacle of a mighty mind overthrown is not a pleasant one, and I conclude by asking him, almost in his own words, that if an artist who carries out Mr. Leslie's ideas for the purpose of saving infant life, by bringing the force of ridicule to bear upon men, who, hardened by a long course of official depravity, are insensible to all human sympathies, and all that generally touches the heart of man—if an artist, I say, is to blame for employing his talent for the holy purpose of saving life, what condemnation is sufficiently strong for one of Mr. Graham's profession, who, for the sake of a paltry fee, openly defends in a court of justice those who falsify evidence, and recommend the public to drink what they confess they would not knowingly drink themselves, or suffer their families to drink, and which I dare say Mr. Graham would not give even to a favorite dog? If to save life by these means, for hire, be deserving of the Penitentiary, what does not that man deserve who defends the murderer, and does his best to perpetuate the sale of a slow poison vended under the alluring name of "pure Orange county grass-fed milk"? The public voice has spared Mr. Graham the necessity of a reply. Yours, AN ARTIST.

DRAMA.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Neither the miracles of Wyman, the wonderful Wizard, nor the ever-curious Aquaria, have lost any of their attractiveness at this popular place of entertainment. Instruction and amusement, waxwork and legerdemain, spirit-rapping and the development of natural phenomena go hand in hand. The ventriloquism of Mr. Wyman is very attractive to the public.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The inimitable Florences are still playing here. Mrs. W. J. Florence took a benefit on Friday night, 30th ult., and appeared on the occasion in ten of her most celebrated characters. Of course she sang "Bobbing Around" and "My Mary Ann." A local musical burlesque is in preparation.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—This popular place of entertainment is flourishing in a most satisfactory manner, and Dandy Rice, the original, inimitable, priceless Jim Crow, drew crowds during the last week. The Hudson River Panorama is still a popular attraction. A cooler place than this building for "laughter, shaking both his sides," is not frequently met with.

PALACE GARDENS.—This Vauxhall of New York is a decided success; in fact, a necessity. There is no more agreeable evening lounge in North America, and the attendance, music and accommodations are equally deserving of commendation.

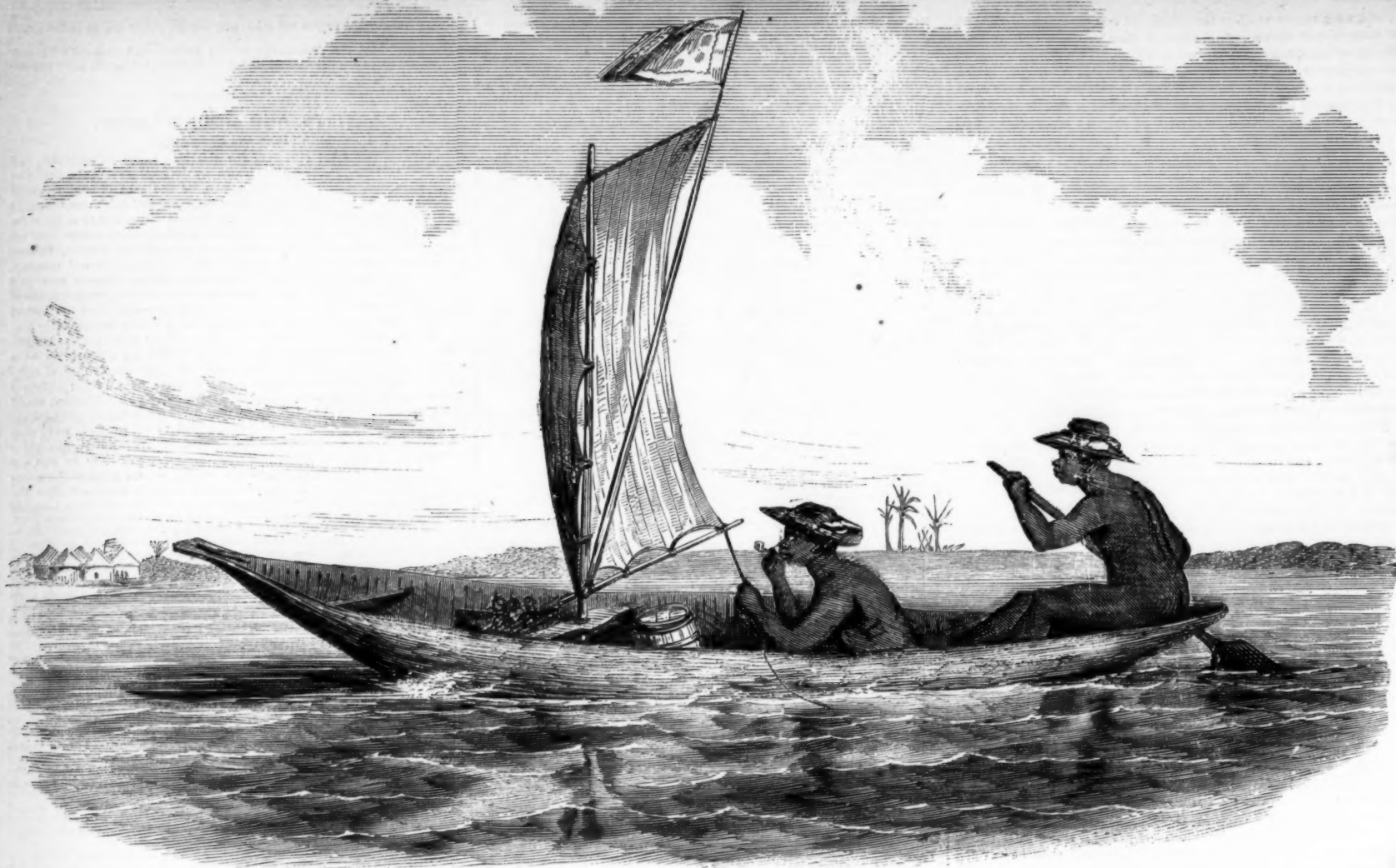
American Missionaries.—A correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Beirut, Syria, says:

"On the 28th of May the girls of the female school kept by the American missionaries were examined in the presence of a large number of the inhabitants, the foreign consuls and foreign residents of Tripoli. A platform was erected in the large garden attached to the school, on which were placed the celestial and terrestrial globes, orrery, &c. Maps were suspended from the trees, and strings were also tied from tree to tree, on which were pinned the needle-work and fancy-work done at the school. The girls were placed in three classes, according to the degree of their advancement in knowledge. They were then examined in reading, arithmetic, geography, &c. The company were surprised and delighted, because they saw, for the first time, young females undertaking to ascend the ladder of knowledge, and to take their share at the spiritual banquet which had been forbidden them before. It was really a pleasure to see how the rays of the light of science had brightened up their pretty countenances. The first class received the greatest applause of the company, because its members gave quick and ready answers to the questions put to them in geography, arithmetic, &c. At the conclusion of the examination, one of the company rose, and on the part of the inhabitants of the town, thanked the missionaries who established and so well conducted the school. As the English Consul was present amongst the company, the missionaries, in company with the girls, sang a song adapted to the air of the English national tune, 'God Save the Queen.'"

A Picnic Wedding.—A short time since, in Westfield, a young German a cigar maker, had for a long time sought the hand of one of the young ladies of that city in vain, when chancing to meet at a picnic, while all were enjoying themselves with various sports, some one proposed that "we have a wedding." The young lady very innocently turned to her off-rejected suitor with joyful invitation to join hands. A magistrate, who also fills the office of town clerk, performed his duty less in fun than the bride imagined, as was evident when the husband presented a proper certificate and claimed her hand. After a brief exhibition of tears, a very modest lingering between maiden and wife, there was a hearty acceptance of the hand that had so gallantly but unceremoniously won. The bridal pair entertained their friends that night with champagne and good things, and afterwards departed on a bridal tour.

THE WAY HE DIED.—The *no plus ultra* of ludicrous epitaphs is to be found on a gravestone in New Hampshire, as follows:

"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."



A SAILING CANOE OFF THE COAST OF LIBERIA.

TOUR IN LIBERIA.

We present in this number the sketch of a canoe, with some of the natives in it. These boats are very ingeniously made of the bark of trees, and are, consequently, of so light a construction that nothing but the skill of the natives renders them safe; and yet these fragile things are often seen on a rough sea, skimming the waves like a duck. Before a stiff breeze the speed of these light canoes is really wonderful, and they seem to bear a charmed life upon the waters. They have a wonderful knack of accommodating the sail to the breeze, very frequently holding the end of the sheet in their hand, while the man at the stern guides the canoe by a paddle with singular dexterity.

During our artist's stay there were several reviews, which really went off remarkably well. He has given one of the drills in the accompanying sketch, naively adding that he supposes the reason why the Liberian Government has no cavalry arises from the fact of there being only one horse in the colony, and that is the one which the President rides on special occasions. For darkies the discipline is pretty good—the men wearing that look of solemn importance so characteristic of their color. They are very proud of their flag, and, we are bound to add, they do not use it so much in advertising as our American citizens do. Their duties are not very severe.

ACCIDENT ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

A shocking accident happened on this line of road on the morning of July 21. A train of empty coal-cars, on their way to

Mauch Chunk, were passing the railway bridge over the Jordan Creek, which falls into the Lehigh river, near Allentown, Pa., in the vicinity of which town the accident occurred, when the structure gave way. The bridge has two spans, and the locomotive had nearly reached the pier, when the span upon which the train was began to give way, quivered for a moment, and then fell with a terrible crash, carrying down the locomotive as well as about forty coal cars. The engineer and the firemen, who were on the locomotive when the bridge gave way, were, of course, carried down with it, and were frightfully burned before meeting their death. The following are the names of the killed and wounded:

KILLED.—Joel Field, South Easton, engineer; leaves a wife and three children.
Wm. Landers, South Easton, fireman; leaves a wife and four children.
INJURED.—Jacob Meyers, Easton, brakeman; cut about the face and shoulder and otherwise hurt. He jumped from the last car that went over the abutment and received the bruises in so doing; but, no doubt, saved his life by it.
John Kinsey, South Easton, master mechanic on the road, was scalded slightly.
James Donnelly, South Easton, conductor of the train, received severe cuts on the head, but otherwise, we believe, was uninjured.
John H. Wolf, brakeman, of Easton, was hurt, but not severely.
None of the injured stand in any danger of losing their lives from their wounds.

So soon as the news of the disaster reached Allentown, great numbers of the inhabitants hastened to the spot and afforded all the assistance in their power. A car was sent from Bethlehem, Pa., to transport the wounded to their homes, and they reached South Easton about nine o'clock.

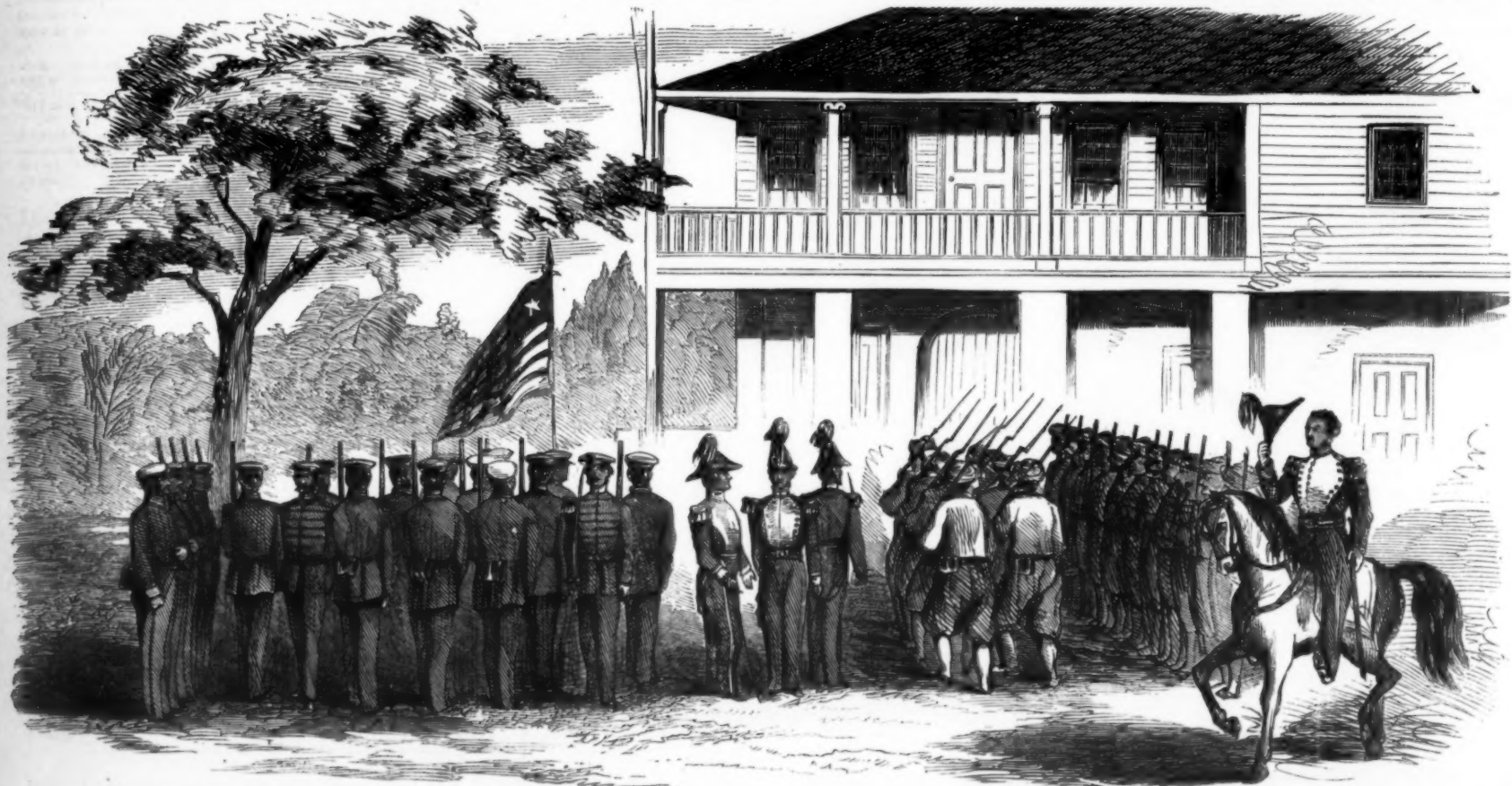
It is still a question in what manner the accident happened,

some accounts charging the bridge with insufficient solidity, and others affirming that the cars were thrown from the track just before reaching the bridge, when, as the speed of the engine could not be relaxed in time, the cars were piled up upon the second span, and thus caused the breaking down of the structure.

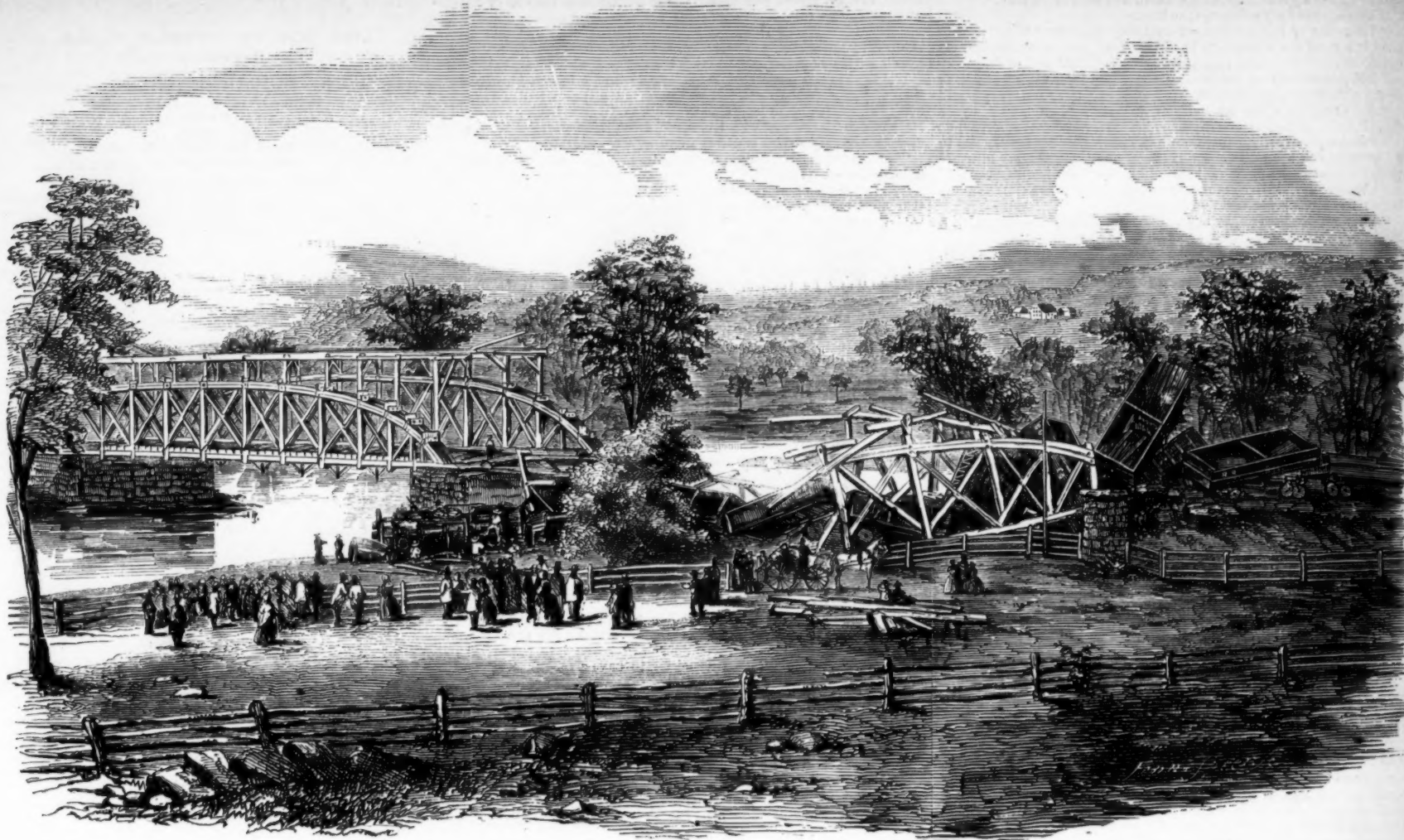
PRIZES AWARDED TO THE WINNERS IN THE LATE OCEAN REGATTA.

Two handsome premiums have recently been completed for award to the winning yachts in the late ocean race around Long Island. There are two prizes; one for the schooner *Silvie*, and the other for the sloop *Minnie*. The *Silvie's* prize is a silver water-cask, resembling somewhat a small lager-beer barrel, which can be used as a punchbowl. In the workmanship of this costly prize the closest care has been bestowed on the imitation of the cooper's handiwork. The staves, hoops, heads, bung—everything, in short, which can intensify the resemblance, even to the long, close grain of the wood, is closely copied. The cask is apparently lashed to the deck, and its upper portion is removable at pleasure, leaving the interior open to the entrance and exit of the liquor which it is intended to contain. The article is of sterling silver, and cost some four hundred dollars.

A tub, also of silver, is the prize awarded to the *Minnie*. Here, too, as in the *Silvie's* prize, the most accurate imitation of an actual ship's bucket has been obtained. The hoops are burnished and studded with nails, and the staves corrugated to



REVIEW OF THE LIBERIAN GUARDS BY PRESIDENT BENSON.



FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD, NEAR ALLENTOWN, PA., JULY 21.

represent wood. The tub may be used either as an ice-cooler or a punchbowl.

The prizes were designed and manufactured by Messrs. Tiffany & Co.

INEZ DE ROBIERA.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIME.

By Ralph Rawlins.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXPEDITION.

My returning steps were slow and tottering; there was not that firmness of tread and elasticity of movement in my gait as usual, and my eyes were cast down in deep and painful thought. My spirits were so low, my feelings so melancholy, that I almost wished

and began to look over them. There was a long leader on Walker—a terrible account of a steamboat disaster—a furious onslaught on some political opponent. These were passed unnoticed. That which arrested my attention was an item which stated that, on the previous night, a small vessel, bearing Gen. Robiera and a few followers, had passed out, eluding the vigilance of the officers, on the way to join the filibuster forces in Nicaragua. No more was said, but it was enough to germinate an idea in my cranium, which idea began to grow amazingly fast as I listened to the conversation of three idlers—common-looking men, who were leisurely puffing their cigars near me.

"Ye heard the news, Bill?" said one.

"What news?"

"Why, 'bout the filibusters. A whole raft of 'em got off last night. Wouldn't ye like to ha' knowed it in time?"

"What'd I keer 'bout knowin' for? I ain't got nothin' to do with 'em."

"No, you ain't got nothin' to do with anything as has any fightin' in it. But I'm blessed if I jest wouldn't like to find the way—I'd jine 'em—well now I would."

"So would I," put in the third—"better believe I would."

"Yes, an' thar's plenty more like us, as I knows."

It was enough. My resolution was taken. Why need I not follow her? What reason was there for my remaining inactive, when there was warm work going on in Central America? I was perfectly idle—had just begun the practice of law, but had no ties to join me to my profession—why not raise a band and join the party of Castillon, under our own American Walker, in defence of the liberties of Nicaragua and the rights of our own citizens on the soil? Had not many gone already? Were they not

"Well, I know of just such a one."

"Do you? Well, jest let me know ef I'm wanted, an' you will fine me plum right in, sartin."

"You think you could spot a few more like yourself?"

"Well, I might, then agin I mightn't. Jest a leetle more might an' mightn't, though, I reckon."

"How many—a rough guess?"

"Can't say particularly; maybe ten, maybe a few more 'mong the flat-boat boys."

"You're a flat-boat man, then; where from?"

"Up the river, little above Memphis."

"I like your looks, my friend, and I'll be plain with you. I am raising a company to join General Walker, and would like to see you among my men. A few fellows of your sort would suit me exactly. What do you say to it? Here's the chance you want."

"Well, now, speaking ser'us, I'm for anything o' the sort, but I don't b'leve in goin' into anything rash like, ye see, but I'm blasted ef the idea don't kinder strike me; gi' me a little time an' ef I kin git two o' my chaps to go with me you can count on three jest 'bout the alrdest fightin' cocks atop o' dirt outside uv old Tenny."

"Very well, what's your name?"

"Hudson—Henry Hudson's my name; anybody kin tell ye who I am—knows every clever man afloat as has the soul uv a alligator in him."

"Then meet me at my office this evening, Hudson, and we'll arrange matters."

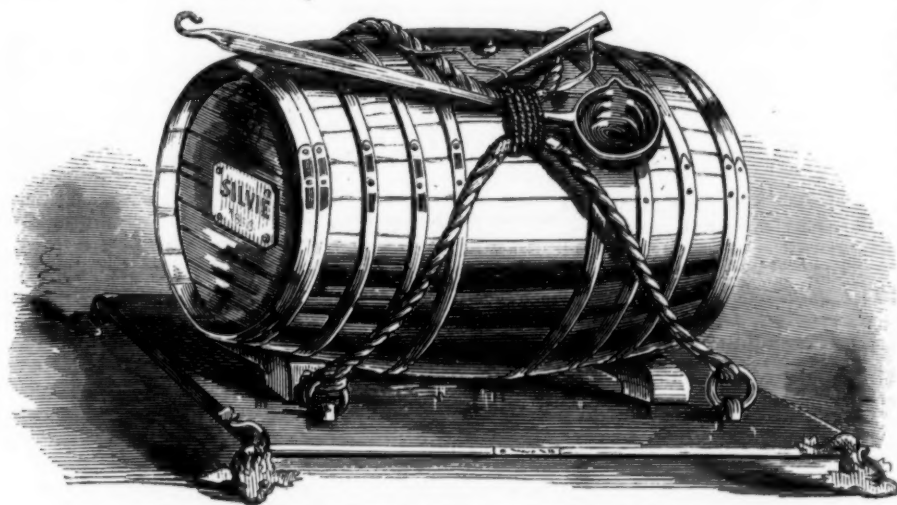
"Jest give me the direction, an' I'll be thar."

Having done so I bade him good morning, and with a much lighter heart retraced my steps to the city, all the way turning over in my mind the sudden project I had formed, which glowed, as I reflected upon it, with great brightness. Its hazard, the difficulties attending it, and the prospects of its success or failure filled my thoughts. How to beat up recruits, rather a new line of business to me, where to find the means of getting off, and the general outline of my plan was fully formed before I reached my office, in the privacy of which I began to draw up a full *modus operandi* of my undertaking, in which I became so interested as to be totally unconscious of the entrance of Tom Cazenau until made aware of it by a slap on the shoulder, and his familiar voice crying out, "Wake up, man, don't kill yourself over that infernal brief, rouse yourself!"

"Oh, are you here? 'pon my conscience I didn't know it," cried I, yawning, after which I unfolded to him my whole project, with the events of the morning in detail, to all of which he paid full attention, not interrupting until I concluded.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"Very rash, very inconsiderate, but a good cause, and one which I believe will be successful."



PRIZE AWARDED TO THE SCHOONER SILVIE, IN THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.

myself out of creation. Disappointment in anything is painful; but of all disappointment, love is the sorest, as I've found.

Instead of keeping the main street, I cut through byways and passed down alleys like a skulking criminal, till at length I found myself on the levee in front of the river, amongst the vast collection of steamboat-men, negroes, foreigners and cotton-bales, on the latter of which I took my stand, listlessly watching the hurry and bustle around me, and trying to comfort myself. The scenes about me were various and amusing enough to distract the attention from anything but disappointed love. There was that burly captain lustily swearing and railing at his hands; there were the grotesque forms of the professional loaders of steamers, with their iron hooks, rolling cotton-bales aboard, and now and then singing their wild jargon; there, too, were vessels coming in, vessels going out, and vessels puffing and blowing to raise steam. Here was a family arrived a minute too late for the Natchez packet—the matron in high dudgeon, the paternal head very wroth, and the small members of the household in no good humor at being so unceremoniously left; there was a negro trader and his gang just from "up the river," the darkey physiognomies of the poor creatures wearing a most ludicrous expression of anxiety. Indeed all manner of individuals, of all nations, engaged in all sorts of employments, were around me; but I could not become interested in any of them, and sat off to myself, thinking. My meditations were interrupted by one of those brawling vendors of news, who, sticking one of his papers under my nose, screamed out,

"Delta—Picayune—mornin' papers, sir; full account of the Nicaragua expedition and the filibusters."

"Give me the Delta."

Having received the paper, and paid for it, I opened its pages

invited? Was there not a field open to all who possessed the energy and courage to cultivate it? True, there were difficulties. The Government, in its blind and mistaken foreign policy, would throw all sorts of obstacles in the way of the departure of a force emigrating to a foreign shore, thus uplifting its hand against its own people for a nation never friendly, and of no substantial, firm durability. True, money was necessary for the equipment of a party; but were there not hundreds of wealthy sympathizers whose purses were open? Then wherefore live in the quiet of a peaceful city, dragging along in the insipid routine of a law-office and the courts, when a free, open, adventurous career was before me, inviting me to choose between war, glory, the chances of a fair enchantress, and a life of monotonous do-nothing around the Crescent City. Could I waver, doubt, fear? No—there was the option, and I did not hesitate to determine. "Nicaragua for ever!" I muttered, and forthwith stepped up to the first speaker of the three.

"Let me see you a moment, my friend," said I. Without a word he accompanied me aside.

"You were speaking of Nicaragua," said I, "as though you wouldn't mind taking a little trip over there?"

His eyes sparkled in a moment.

"Yes, I was talkin' sort o' that way while ago to the boys—sort o' in a joke, but I'd be serious, I reckon, ef I had a right peert chance," he replied.



PRIZE AWARDED TO THE SLOOP MINNIE, IN THE GREAT OCEAN YACHT RACE.

"You really do?"

"Yes, indeed; if it were not for present circumstances I would have gone myself. I know William Walker—know him well, and I tell you he is a great man, as the world will see before long."

"You approve my scheme, then?"

"Your idea of going I do most certainly approve. Whether your plan is a good one remains to be seen. You have been exceedingly quick in all of it. Take care you don't go off half cocked."

"Did you ever know me in all our long and intimate friendship to begin a thing without finishing it, or failing to carry out a resolve?"

"No, except in a few matrimonial instances, where it wasn't your fault."

"Precisely—exactly. God knows it wasn't ever my fault. But to be serious, you are well versed in these matters; you are intimate with the principal men about here. Can you assist me materially?"

"Yes, by putting you in the way of aid. Walker has secret agents here; I can bring you together."

"Very good. There's my man, now, I expect," I continued, as a loud knock interrupted us, "come in."

Sure enough, it was Hudson who entered, followed by two others, fine, stout fellows.

"Come in, Hudson, there are chairs. Needn't mind this gentleman, he's one of us. Well, I suppose you and your friends agree to go it?"

"We do that very thing now, cap'n; only show us the documents and we'll sign 'em."

"Glad to hear it, and how are the chances for more? pretty fair, I hope?" cried I.

"Yes, I reckon I kin start up a dozen big ones."

"Real wheel horses, eh?"

"Guess so—them as knows the way a rifle's used; none o' your thievish city blackguards."

"Who we don't want. Then we'll suit each other to a notch, I expect. Here is the agreement; all drawn up. Come, stick your fists on it."

In obedience to this request all three signed the brief article I had prepared, setting forth our aims and objects, after which we made an appointment for the next day, and they took their departure well pleased apparently.

"I like the looks of that fellow Hudson," said Cazenau when they had gone, "there is a most open frankness about him. I've no doubt he's good grit. He looks the filibuster all over. You have spoken to no one as yet except me?"

"No, and the boatmen."

"You've not picked out any one among the better class to assist you, then?"

"No; but I had my eye on Morgan."

"The very man I was going to propose. He is a fine fellow, bold as a lion and in for anything. Besides his brief stay at West Point gave him some military knowledge, which will be of service. Yes, take him, by all means."

"I'll do so. Let me drop him a line right now. There, how will this do? Listen—

"DEAR FRANK,—Come down here immediately. The blood of my forefathers is beginning to boil and clamor against the degeneracy of the hopeful scion of an illustrious line, who, after due deliberation and mature consideration, has resolved to lay aside the toga of peace for the plume of the soldier, and desires the aid one whose abundant experience and long service in the army of his country eminently enables him to give. Walker for ever!"

"Yes, send it along."

In less than half an hour an answer came. That answer was himself.

"Got your note this minute," cried he, rushing in, "and lost no time in coming down. If I understand you aright, I'm with you—with you heart and hand. Walker for ever, and no backing out!"

"You are really in earnest?"

"Never more so in my life. Give me a full history—the whole story from first to last."

I did so. Like a man listening to the conditions of his pardon he drank in my words.

"By my soul!" he exclaimed, as I wound up, "it is just the thing! I know of at least a dozen I can get myself. We can make up a respectable company in a little time, and then ho! for Nicaragua and glory!"

"Give me your hand, Frank. I knew you'd be in for it. I felt confident that you were the man above all others for such an undertaking. None but enthusiastic heroes like you would ever do for a filibustering expedition."

"Right—quite right, most noble captain. Two such valiant soldiers as you and I are bound to earn imperishable laurels and immortal renown! aside from bringing back a native princess apiece in our breeches' pocket—that is, her ancestral riches."

"Go it, my Morgan, go it!" cried Tom Cazenau, jumping up and swinging his cap above him. "I feel already happy under the magic influence of your eloquence and the glittering future, which already I see looming up for two such deserving patriots. Go it, I say—never say die! nor rest until you have accomplished the freedom of dear, suffering, down-trodden land of the palm-tree—poor Nicaragua!"

"None of your insinuations against our patriotism, vile cold-blood. Our motive is pure, as my poor old grandfather said when he tumbled into an open cellar, though that motive was pure peach brandy."

"Ah, yes; that puts me in mind of it. I've just received a demi-john of fine old peach. Come, we'll christen it with success to your enterprise!"

Many and tumultuous were the thoughts which crowded upon me that night as I lay upon my pillow. The events of the day, the important step I had taken, and the consequences which might ensue occupied my mind and put me into a train of thinking, such a one, too, as was not usual with me. All the circumstances of the case stared me in the face. The miserable folly of the government—the determined force of Walker—the perfect justice of the cause on the one hand; whilst my bitter disappointment—my love of Inez de Robiera, and the hopes I entertained of once more seeing her in Central America, on the other, were most potent inducements to impel me on. So that instead of losing any ardor on reviewing my course calmly and dispassionately, I was only the more firmly fixed in the resolution I had taken, and urged to hasten vigorously, energetically, the carrying out of my plans.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DEPARTURE.

In the environs, a little below the city, and only a few steps from the river, was a small obscure tavern, a favorite lodging-place of those river men whose craft lay near by. The out of the way locality of its situation, together with the fact of its being known only to a class of men not very friendly to the rigorous action of Government officials in regard to armed expeditions leaving our shore, made it a convenient and practicable rendezvous; and no sooner was I notified of its existence by the keen and ever vigilant Hudson, than I established headquarters under its hospitable roof, where recruits were received and quickly converted into soldiers, thenceforth taking up their lodgings with the rest, who occupied at least half of the house. In less than a week some thirty had been enrolled—men of good character and undoubted courage, picked up from among the many idlers from up the country, who, having no particular business, and being like most Western men fond of adventure, were ripe for anything which gave promise of a stirring time, with a final chance of benefit to themselves.

Not a rumor of our doings had as yet got into the papers; no hints were dropped on the streets, and everything wore an air of perfect success. My anxiety was great to be off—to go whilst the coast was clear, and when the number of the band reached thirty I determined to depart as quickly as possible.

The chartering of a vessel was all that was left of a troublesome nature; other arrangements had been made. Friends of the cause

were even more numerous than I had anticipated. Money was freely supplied. Each man was furnished with a knapsack, a rifle and a strong suit of clothes. Ammunition in abundance was procured, camp furniture purchased, and in a little time the out of the way tavern—or rather our concealed armory—bore quite a military appearance, to Morgan's great delight, he priding himself on making soldiers of the men and converting our quarters into something like a well regulated camp. Now, the means of reaching Nicaragua.

Whole days were occupied in hunting a suitable vessel, but for a time unsuccessfully. But good luck was not disposed to desert us, after befriending us so far. One evening, as we were sitting alone—Morgan and I—Hudson, who had been elected corporal, made his appearance very suddenly and in quite an excited state.

"What's the matter, corporal—nothing has got out, has there—nobody turned traitor?"

"Nary single one—it's better nor that—I jess tell you, cap'n—thar ain't nobody wearin number twelve cow leather sharper 'an me—thar ain't!"

"What have you done now?"

"Found the very cretur—a bit of a brig."

"What—you don't tell us so?" cried we.

"I do that," he replied, full of his exultation, "I do that! We kin git away in two days at the very farthest—maybe less time."

"Come, explain—tell us all about it."

"I will that—only a piece o' my universal good luck, an' I'm the dernedest luckiest cove you ever come across, I do believe. Ye see I was wearin' along the levee, a considerin' how an' the way we'd git clar o' this here cussed hole, when I run agin a friend—I felt like he was a friend, 'cause he didn't knock me down, as I give him a right smart jolt, I tell you—when he says to me, says he, 'Holloa, Hudson! which way you're travellin'?"

"Why, Cap'n Staly," says I, "is it you—where you bound—I hain't seen you this six year an' more. What on airth are ye drivin' at now?"

"In the Central Ameriky trade," says he.

"Is you—ye don't tell me. What's your craft?"

"The purtiest sort ov a sailor," he replies to me, taking my arm, "the Lisa's her name. I'm off to-morrow for San Juan—'spose you go?"

"Well, I don't mind; but I've got a few more 'long with me—how'd ye like a few passengers?"

"Fine, fine—plenty room," says he.

"Mum's the word, Staly, says I to him then, takin' him aside an' tellin' him all about it. Ye see I saved the cretur's life one time, an' he's mighty beholden to me, an' when I let him into the secret he agreed to it all in a minnit, promising to have everything ready an' wait outside till we'd come down."

"Hurrah! you're a trump, Hudson," cried Morgan, "a real Jack of all trades."

"So that settles it. Where can I see this Staley?"

"He'll be down here to-night—made him promise to be on hand," replied the corporal.

"Verily, you are a most astute officer," said Morgan; "I've no doubt you will astonish all Nicaragua yet."

"You jess had ought to see me doin it."

"Hudson, go down and tell the boys. Have them fully prepared, and watch for Staly, who you will bring up here the moment he comes; be certain," said I.

"All right, cap'n," and he dodged out with that easy, off-hand swagger peculiar to men of his class. As he had promised, an hour or so after dark the captain made his appearance. He was a large, robust man, very red-faced, and of a good-natured appearance.

"Hudson has told you all about us?" I asked, as he seated himself near the table by Morgan and I.

"Yes, everything."

"And you are perfectly willing to take us?"

"Not a bit of objection."

"Your vessel is safe and roomy?"

"Not a sounder craft afloat, nor one that can make a quicker trip. As for room, our cargo's not large this time, and we've room for all you have."

"When do you drop down?"

"To-morrow; we'll wait for you, an' you can come down in the tug after dark to-morrow night."

"Yes, exactly," from Morgan.

"There'll be no sort of mistake, no backing out?"

"Hudson knows I'm not one o' them sort."

"Then for the terms," and we forthwith set about fixing those which only required a little time, as both were disposed to play fair, and after those were satisfactorily arranged the fat captain took his leave. When he had gone Frank and I proceeded up into the city, to communicate our good fortune to Cazenau.

"I'm deuced glad to hear it," cried he, "though, my dear fellows, I hate to give you up; all of us will miss you. Who is there to supply the places made vacant by your going? Where are there such a pair? How I envy you, too; you're bound to see such frolicking."

"And why don't you pack up and go with us, Tom? A great, stout, bold fellow like you, with plenty of money, no employment, and a love of adventure, ought not to lie around a city, imbibing its ennui and injured by its corruptions. Oh, the sin and iniquity with which you are daily contaminated, and the ruinous race you are running, and the sad decay into which you are falling, as you go on, fills me with fearful apprehensions," piously remarked the ex-cadet, shaking his wise head ominously.

"Ah, Frank, you have yet to know that when man is bound to a place by a woman no attraction can tear him away. It is a melancholy reflection the power of that weakness," and Cazenau really sighed.

"Sad, indeed, when we consider that woman rules man and the devil rules her," responded Morgan.

Before day the next morning all our arms, ammunition and munitions of war had been conveyed and carefully stowed away on board of the Eliza, and early in the day she passed on down towards the Balise. The whole of the time up to the period of our leaving was busily employed in making final arrangements, which by nightfall were completed and we were in readiness to set off.

A drizzling rain was falling without, and dark clouds were gathering above, threatening a storm, as we—that is, some half dozen of the set—were assembled for a last drink around a large but not very boisterous punchbowl. There were the companions in whose company so many happy hours had been spent, assembled to see us depart, perhaps never to return. The feelings which irresistibly crept over me were sad in the extreme, as we stood around that social table. We were in the midst of a bumper when the door was opened and one of the men entered to say that the rest were all on the tug, which was waiting for us at the landing. One more glass—one more hearty cheer, and we proceeded to the water's edge, the crowd having determined to accompany us to the brig. Laughing and trying to be merry, we passed down to the Gulf, and at length rubbed up against the Eliza, whose captain was on deck in waiting for us, and to whose care we now consigned ourselves.

"You're going on a perilous undertaking, Jack," whispered Tom Cazenau, pressing my hand tightly as we stood aside; "there is no predicting the result. You may fall, or you may return, but in whatever circumstances you are placed, in sorrow or in glory, in adversity or in success, one thing you must do; think of your best and sincerest friend, and never forget, whatever else you do, Tom Cazenau."

There was no time for more. The steam tug had already unloosed her ropes and was about moving, and he must go.

"I never will, never," cried I.

"Good-bye, God bless you!" and he was over the side and on the other deck amongst the returning band.

"Good-bye, good-bye!" and the little tug was puffing back towards the city, whilst we were cutting through the waters under a light breeze for the scene of war in Central America, the din of a long,

loud three-times-three ringing in our ears, being all that remained to us of the warm hearts of our boon friends and the Crescent City.

(To be continued.)

LIVE NOT TO THYSELF ALONE.

Live not to thyself alone,
For, from the realms above,
The voice of God is bidding us
To live a life of love;
And, like the sweet refreshing dews,
Our blessings to impart;
While binding hope's pure rainbow round
The weary, wounded heart.

Why hangs the rose upon its stem,
In blushing beauty there,
If not to scatter its perfume
And fragrance to the air?
It lives not to itself alone;
For let it bloom or fade,
It shows to man the hand of God,
By whom its leaves were made.

The tree that in the highway stands,
We say must stand alone;
But no, we hear a voice reply,
From reason's holy throne—
Within the bosom of that tree
Young birds have found a nest:
And there, when loud the tempest roars,
Have found a place of rest.

The mountain stream that gushes on,
With sweet and gentle song,
Repeats—I live not to myself,
As swift I glide along;
Down in the valley new I leap,
Where, on my margin's brink,
The birds may sing, while those who thirst
May of my waters drink.

Then "Live not to thyself alone,"
Is wrote on everything—
Upon the rose that scents the air,
And on the breeze of spring;
Upon the raindrops as they fall,
Which for our good are given:
And on the silvery lamps that hang
Upon the walls of heaven.

CABRERA AND THE BISHOP.

A VERY strange tale is told of this Spanish guerilla general, which peculiarly illustrates his character. One day, when at the head of a division of the army, the Bishop of Granada, accompanied by all his clergy, received him in a grand procession and safely escorted him to the episcopal palace, where a splendid collation was prepared. The soldier-like air and manly beauty of the young general were even less the theme of admiration than his respectful reception of the bishop, to whom he knelt in devout reverence and kissed the hand with deep humility, walking at his side with an air of almost bashful deference.

At table, too, his manner was even more marked by respect. As the meal proceeded, the bishop could not fail remarking that his guest seemed deeply depressed by some secret care, which made him frequently sigh, in a manner betokening heavy affliction. After some entreaty, it came out; the source of the grief was the inability of the general to pay his troops, for the military chest was quite empty and daily desertions were occurring. The sum required was a large one, 20,000 contos, and the venerable bishop hastened to assure him, with unfeigned sorrow, that the poor and suffering city could not command one-fourth of the amount. Cabrera rose and paced the room with great excitement, even throwing, as he passed, a glance into the courtyard, where a party of grenadiers stood under arms, and then, resuming his place at the table, he seemed endeavoring, but vainly, to join in the festivity around him.

"It is evident to me, my son," said the bishop, "that some heavier sorrow is lying at your heart; tell it, and let me, if it may be, give you comfort and support!" Cabrera hesitated; and at last avowed that such was the case. Considerable entreaty, however, was necessary, to wring the mystery from him; when at last he said, in a voice broken and agitated, "You know me, holy father, for a good and faithful son of the church—for one who reveres its ordinances and those who dispense them. Think, then, of my deep misery when—but I cannot—I am utterly unable to proceed!" After much pressing, he resumed, with sudden energy, "Yes, I know I shall never feel peace and happiness more, for although I have done many a hard and cruel deed, I never, till now, had the dreadful duty to order a bishop to be shot! This is what is breaking my heart—this is my secret misery." It is scarcely necessary to say that he was speedily recovered from so dreadful an embarrassment, for the bishop was too good a Christian to see a devout soldier reduced to such extremity. The money was paid and the bishop ransomed.

Woman's Charms.—The following catalogue from the Italian will be valuable to those ladies who are doubtful as to their pretensions to beauty, since by the aid of their mirror they can assure themselves whether they may claim all, or any, of the desired charms here enumerated, and so repel the malicious insinuations of acquaintances against their personal attractions. To be esteemed beautiful it is necessary for a woman to have—

- 3 white things—the skin, teeth, and hands;
- 3 black things—the eyes, eyelashes and eyebrows;
- 3 rosy things—the lips, bosom and nails;
- 3 long things—the body, hair and hands;
- 3 short things—the teeth, ears and tongue;
- 3 narrow things—the waist, mouth and instep;
- 3 broad things—the forehead, shoulders and intelligence;
- 3 small things—the nose, head and feet;
- 3 delicate things—the fingers, lip and chin;
- 3 round things—the arms, leg and lower.

In all thirty accomplishments to constitute a perfect woman.

Society.—The highest kind of society is that of marriage. No hands little know what they lose by not making constant companions of their wives. It takes twenty years to become perfectly at home with each other, and then there is no expressing the delicious sentiment of mutual love, made up of forbearance, sympathy, tenderness and interchange of sentiment. I do maintain that a wife, says Sarah Coleridge, whether young or old, may pass the evenings most happily in the presence of her husband; occupied herself, and conscious that he is still better occupied, though he may but speak with her, and cast his eyes upon her from time to time; that such evenings may be looked forward to with great desire, and deeply regretted when they are passed away for ever. Wieland, whose conjugal felicity has been almost as celebrated as himself, says, in a letter written after his wife's death, that it is but knew she was in the room, or if at times she but stepped in and said a word or two, that was enough to gladden him. Some of the happiest and most loving couples are those who, like Wieland and his wife, are both too fully employed to spend the whole of every evening in conversation.

Killed by a Kiss.—A most extraordinary thing has just happened in Berlin. Madame Palenkeff, a well known Russian lady of beauty and rank, while stepping from her carriage to enter the opera, passed the horses; one of them at that moment put out its tongue and licked her face. Turning to her husband, she smiled and said, as she wiped the horse's saliva from her lips, "The horse has kissed me, but pray don't be jealous!" He laughed, offered his arm, and in a few minutes, over the music of "Il Trovatore," it was forgotten. In a few days the unfortunate lady was taken ill with that most horrible disease, glanders, and in a few days more breathed her last, in spite of the attendance of the first physicians of Berlin, and every resource to be obtained by wealth, or by the ceaseless vigilance of friends.

An Irishman being called to testify in court as a witness, was told by the clerk to hold up his right hand. The man immediately held up his left hand. "Hold up your right hand!" said the clerk. "Please yer honor," said the witness, still keeping his left hand up, "please yer honor, I am left-handed!"

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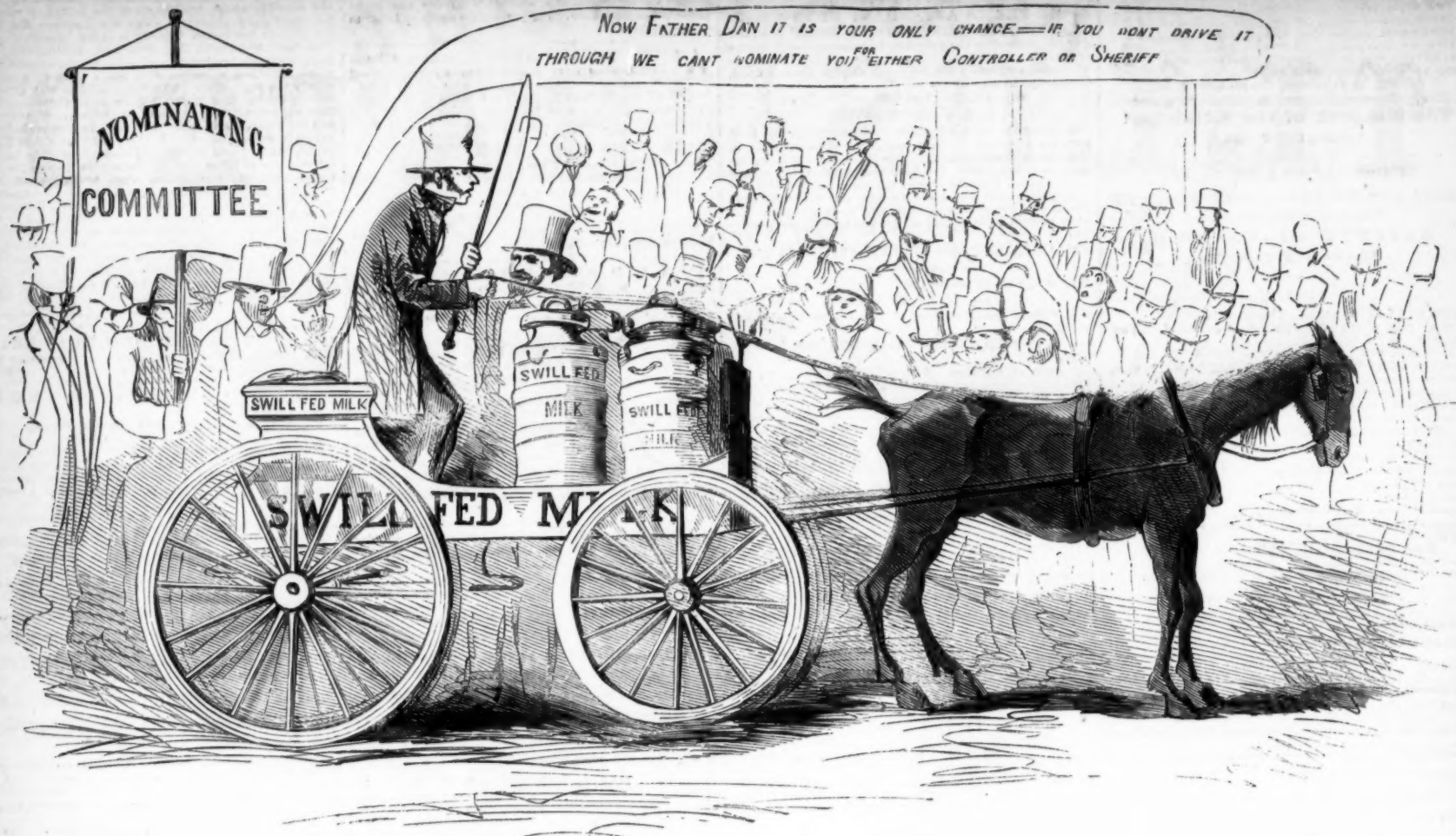
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